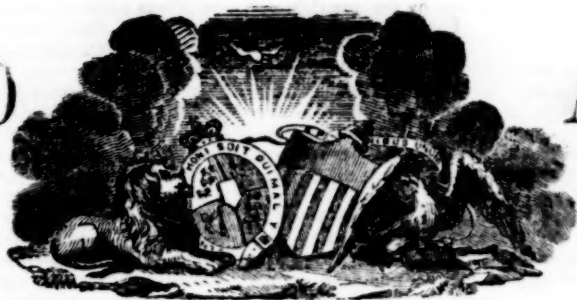


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GO FORWARD—A SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Go forward!—'tis folly, behind to be glancing,
We cannot recover the days that are past;
The future, our joys, will, perchance, be enhancing,
Tho' dark clouds of care o'er the present are cast;
There is never a night but there comes a to-morrow,
There is never a cloud but a sunbeam succeeds;
We should feel not the balm, if we knew not the sorrow,
Go forward!—the right path to happiness leads.

Go forward!—the future must yield to the power
That justice, and goodness, and truth can convey;
The base and the false may succeed for the hour,
But reason, at last, will but honour obey!
True courage consists but in facing a danger,
Ne'er harbour injustice by word or in deed.
As you'd be to a friend, be the same to a stranger,
Go forward, and hope—you'll be sure to succeed!

TO A MOTH.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Alas! little moth,
I am loth
To let such an atom as you
Raise my wrath,
Little moth;
But pray,
Just say,
Why you nibble my very best blue?
Where you come from 's a puzzle to me
What use in the world can you be,
Except, as I state,
Folks to aggravate,
And you know the assertion is true;
For my wife who 's as mild
As a child,
Comes to me with woe-begone face;
You tip it
Her tippet,
And nip it
Until the thing 's quite a disgrace.
Then into our coffers you pop,
And stop,
Unseen with your ginlet nose,
Like a sieve,
As I live,
Or a cullender making the clothes.
Then her very best chi-chilla boa,
By which she sets very great store,
Flies in bits, when she goes in the air,
Quite ruined, for you have been there.
What, the deuce,
What 's the use
Of those coats or those breeches to you?
Beware if I catch you—
I 'll match you—
And preciously double-mill you.
Why not fly in the sunshine and light,
You have wings, why then surely you might,
And revel 'midst flowers,
For hours,
With much more extatic delight?
Why not live as an insect should do
In the cup of a violet blue?
Or take a short ride,
On the tide
Of a stream in some dark leafy wood?
Just try it for once,
If you 're not a dunce,
And you 'll find it will do your health good;
Or dance with the gnats in a ring,
To the music in twilight they sing,
And without aspersion,
Seek other diversion,
And don't at man take such a fling.
But I've made up my mind, so that's flat,
Be it coat, breeches, fur, or a hat,
Any more
That you bore,
I 'll take you some day by surprise;
I 'll so pepper your nob,
That I 'll finish your job,
And you 'll die like a thief ever dies.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

It was so terribly cold,—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year,—New Year's Eve. On this cold dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they!—They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold,—she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold and looked so downcast!—The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street,—it was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold.—Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, *tick!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it,—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat before a large iron stove with bright brass balls on the top; the fire burnt so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too, then the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand.—Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as crystal: she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table which was laid out and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprang off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back;—it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas-tree,—it was still larger and more ornamented than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's the last Christmas: a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished,—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars,—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh! take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out,—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!" and she struck it, haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle,—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad day light. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, so high, in splendour and joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety,—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth,—dead—frozen to death, last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen,—in what splendour and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's joys.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

CAYETANO THE CONTRABANDISTA.

CHAPTER II.

Business soon made me forget Cayetano, notwithstanding the curiosity which this singular man had awakened in me—a curiosity which the mysterious words of the senator had rendered still more keen. One idle day I resolved to extend my daily morning ride as far as Cayetano's cabin. The fierce cayman-fisher had suddenly entered my thoughts again, but completely divested of his sombre grandeur. During the last fortnight, the diversions of actual life had sufficed to restore the calmness of my imagination, Cayetano's cabin was the object of a ride, and nothing more; it was five leagues off, and with the horses of the country five leagues formed a two hours' ride. I therefore took that direction. It was not long before I arrived where two roads met, at the spot where Cayetano had parted from us. In a few minutes' ride from thence I perceived the turtle-fisher's cabin. His door was open, and I approached the

threshold without alighting, and announced my presence by the usual formula:—

"*Ave Maria purissima!*"

"*Sin peccato concebida!*" replied a voice which I recognised as Cayetano's. At the same time our horses saluted one another by joyful neighings. I dismounted and entered the cabin. In one angle of the principal room a few brands were burning. Some cakes of wheaten flour were baking, or rather turning to cinders, on the pieces of lighted wood, in company with some pieces of dried meat, which hissed at the contact with the fire. A few feet off, Cayetano, seated on a bamboo stool, was polishing a harpoon.

"Ah! it is you, señor," said he, without interrupting his occupation. "You are welcome to my poor cabin. You find me busied with my breakfast. Will you do me the honour of doing penance with me?"

I refused this polite offer, which did not appear very tempting, by saying that I had already breakfasted.

"I had only a poor repast to offer," said he, "but I offered it willingly; with your permission I will, therefore, eat it alone."

The interior of the cabin was wretched and bare. Among nets similar to those used by pearl-fishers, and the harpoons and other utensils hanging to the walls, one object of problematical form attracted my attention. This was a sort of strap, or rather of waistcoat, with braces, in which were made three enormous pockets at equal distances.

"You will excuse the curiosity of a traveller," said I, after a short silence, "if I ask you what is the use of that kind of stay?"

"I will tell you," replied Cayetano. "Formerly we used to embark ingots of silver in open day, at any hour, with the help of the custom-house officers themselves, notwithstanding the laws which prohibited their exportation; but now the custom-house officers are more particular, and one must manage without them. This is what the waistcoat helps me to do. By placing an ingot in each of those pockets, with my cloak over my shoulders, I can enter my canoe under the nose of the custom-house officers, shake hands with them in token of friendship, and not appear inconvenienced by a weight which would bend double a man of ordinary strength. In this way, ten voyages suffice me to carry on board a ship thirty thousand piasters, without sharing my profits with any one."

So saying, he kicked on one side the remains of his anchorite's breakfast, and hung up the harpoons which lay near him by the side of the utensils which covered the wall. I then noticed, for the first time, amidst the nets, a pair of blue satin shoes, which by their size did honour to the feet of the woman who had worn them. Their lustre was destroyed by rust-coloured spots, which formed a large stain on one shoe and small drops on the other. As I was looking at these vestiges of some tender and bloody remembrance, I heard the tramp of horses along the road leading from the city, and a few minutes later two men dismounted at the door of the hut. The two men entered: one was a stranger to me; the other, wearing an eight-days' beard, very dirty clothes, and having a long straight sword by his side, was my mysterious Englishman. At sight of the stranger, Cayetano's countenance changed, and a nervous trembling shook his body, as if he had heard the sound of the Cerro. He soon recovered himself. The Englishman saluted me cordially, without appearing surprised to see me; and turning to Cayetano, said:—

"It is to-day that the cutter will be off the Isle of Tiburon; I have funds to embark, and I want you, for I have reason to suspect that a denunciation has been brought against me, and, perhaps, we shall have to deal with the custom-house officers."

"So much the better," said Cayetano, stretching out his robust limbs; "I want to shake myself."

He then took down the waistcoat with braces, as well as the harpoon, and went out to saddle his horse.

"If you have nothing better to do," said the Englishman to me, "you would be very kind to come with us; you might, without compromising yourself in the least, see a place which is not known to you, and be useful to me: I have with me the ransom of a viceroy."

I had heard too much of these wonderful feats of smuggling not to accept this proposal with eagerness, and we mounted our horses and set forth. It was about five in the afternoon when we reached our place of destination. Cayetano unloaded the mules, depositing on the ground a large silver ingot, which must have weighed about seventy pounds, and a number of little skin bags containing gold dust of about equal weight: he divided this precious burden into the pockets of the waistcoat which I have mentioned.

"Are we in any danger?" asked the Englishman, who did not witness this excess of precautions without trepidation.

Cayetano shrugged his shoulders in token of uncertainty, and said, briefly, —

"It is better to be prepared for every thing. Pepe will put on this waistcoat when we are down below, and I will take care of the rest."

As he uttered the last words with an ironical smile, Cayetano slipped into his pocket a long and stout cord, at one end of which was fastened a piece of cork about the size of a hand. The smuggler and his companion then descended the steep rock on which we stood, in search of a flat-bottomed boat, which in general remained concealed in a cavity of the rock. I admired the vigour and dexterity with which Cayetano, not bending in the least under his enormous burden, made this long and dangerous passage. The Englishman and myself placed ourselves comfortably on the crest of the rock, our legs dangling over and our faces turned towards the ocean, ready to lose no detail of the scene of which we were to become spectators.

Meanwhile, Cayetano and Pepe continued their perilous descent towards the sea.

"Do you not fear," said I to the Englishman, "that these people may be tempted to appropriate what you so carelessly entrust to them?"

"No," he replied; "the human heart is so formed, that a man who would rob his father and mother would not dare to spill a drop of blood: whilst another, to whom a man's life is as nothing, would be scrupulous as to robbery. Are not sums ten times larger entrusted to strange muleteers, with only a bill-of-lading as security? And besides," added my companion, pointing to Cayetano, "I know that man's story, and I know with what fanaticism the unhappy wretch defends what he calls the honour of his name."

"Do you, indeed, know his history, and would you venture to tell it me?" said I, mentioning the mysterious hints of the Chinese and of the senator.

"Why should I not? He did not confide in me, and I am not the only one who knows it, although he does not suspect it. This story is as bloody as it is short."

"Let me hear it," said I.

"Not a year ago," he continued, "Cayetano was married to a woman whom he passionately loved, and who deceived him. The house he lived in at Her-

mosillo was close to the Cerro de la Campana, the singular property of which you know. A trusty friend of his wife's lover, placed as a sentinel on the Cerro, watched for Cayetano's return, and warned the guilty pair by three blows struck in a peculiar way. At this signal the man escaped by a back door. An officious friend informed Cayetano of what was going on. One evening (I heard this from the friend himself), the Cerro resounded in so strange, so doleful a manner, that the two lovers shuddered with horror at the cry of agony which accompanied it. It was the confidant, whose head Cayetano was crushing upon the sonorous stones. Cayetano quietly returned home: above all, his honour was to be untarnished. A month afterwards he returned with the frightful scar which you see, but his wife's lover was no more. A few days later it was reported that she had been found with her throat cut among the ruins of his house. Cayetano was put in prison, and appeared before the judge; but instead of endeavouring to excuse himself by revealing the adultery of which this murder was the punishment, he maintained, at the risk of the *garrote*, that he had no motive for killing his wife, and only confessed that he felt himself prodigiously irritated at the time. The judge thought it a bad business, as you may suppose."

"For Cayetano? That is easily conceived."

"No, for himself," replied the Englishman. "You know the impunity enjoyed by the poor in this country. Cayetano was not rich, and, whether he was condemned or acquitted, no ransom could be expected of him. The judge was, therefore, very severe: told him in a most furious voice that nothing less than such an excuse could have absolved him; and dismissed him, not without admonishing him that it would not be admitted a second time. Since then, all those who have heard of the murder, and the motives which urged on the assassin, feel a certain uneasiness when they see him irritated, which always happens when he thinks of the woman who deceived him; I have therefore good reason to suppose that he often thinks of her. As to the sound of the Cerro, he always looks upon it as a melancholy remembrance, or an unpardonable offence. In order to efface the traces of the past, Cayetano burned his cabin with his own hands."

"And his officious friend?" I asked.

"I do not know," replied the Englishman, smiling, "whether the firm conduct of the judge with regard to Cayetano intimidated him, or if he is waiting an opportunity to settle his account; the fact is that he is still alive; and yet Cayetano being such as I know him to be—Cayetano, gnawed by the fatal secret which he thinks drowned in blood—Cayetano, tolerating the existence of a man who shares this secret, is to me an inexplicable enigma."

The narrator was silent, and I looked again at the sea to observe attentively, and as if I saw him for the first time, the hero of this bloody tragedy. I perceived him almost at our feet, managing the frail boat on a swelling sea with unequalled strength and dexterity. Lighted up by the sun about to sink beneath the horizon that cast a red mist over the water, he appeared as if in a vapour of blood. Suddenly my companion uttered an exclamation, and gave so shrill a whistle that I started in spite of myself. Then forming a speaking-trumpet of his two hands, as Cayetano turned round at the signal, he called out, in the purest Castilian dialect, but with an Andalusian accent, to round the northern extremity of the Isle of Tiburon, as a suspicious-looking boat was coming round the southern extremity. I could not help admiring the Englishman's sudden progress in Spanish. It was a fresh mystery to me. Cayetano replied to the Englishman's signal by a similar whistle, and stopped an instant to reconnoitre the danger. From the extremity of the island which Cayetano sought to turn, a boat containing five men, four rowing and one steering, advanced rapidly towards him. From the three-coloured flag—green, white and red—it was easy to recognise the national colours of the custom house, an isolated station of which was at some distance. As the Englishman had feared, information alone could have put them on the alert. As the swell raised Cayetano's canoe, he was enabled to see the suspicious boat. Making a sign of contempt, he brandished over his head the harpoon he had just picked up; then bending down over his oars he gave so strong an impetus to the canoe that it slid over the waves with the rapidity of the flying fish as it skims along the surface of the water. Cayetano had taken a different direction. The custom-house boat, notwithstanding the increased efforts of its rowers, far from gaining on him, had much trouble to maintain its previous distance: this sight cleared the darkened brow of the Englishman. But his security was not complete until he saw a third boat, which shooting suddenly out from behind the Isle of Tiburon, followed in the same direction as the custom house boat. It was a long, black, narrow whaler, which flew along the sea impelled by the efforts of four rowers.

"Ah! there are my faithful men," exclaimed the Englishman, rubbing his hands; "they have seen my signals, and my ingots are in safety."

I availed myself of his joy to ask him what miracle had so suddenly endowed him with the gift of the Spanish language.

"Listen," said he; "I have betrayed myself, but I think that with you my carelessness will have no bad results. I exercise a dangerous trade," he added; "not because I smuggle, but because this smuggling enables me to sell my merchandise cheaper than others of my confraternity, who would already have had me assassinated out of jealousy if they suspected I was a Spaniard. The quality of stranger, of Englishman, is my safeguard. I am part proprietor with Don Urbano of the cutter which is near here; and thanks to the artifice I employ, and which the senator confirms to any one who will listen to it, the *extorcedor*, the *ex-primer espado* of the bull-fights at Seville, whom you see in my person, is on the highroad to fortune and prosperity."

On these remote coasts, the Mexican custom house officers profess the deepest respect for armed smugglers. At sight of the reinforcement coming to Cayetano's assistance, they thought they had given the treasury a sufficient proof of devotion, and tucked with admirable coolness. After this unforeseen manœuvre, Cayetano's proceedings became inexplicable. He continued to row towards a spot which the maddest courage, the wildest temerity could not hope to pass. A seal alone could have done it. Cayetano advanced in that direction with a rapidity which dazzled me, and without any necessity, since the enemy had retreated. Nothing could equal the anguish of the unhappy Spaniard. A minute more and his fortune would be swallowed up.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands, "fool that I am! I ought to have foreseen this result—I ought to have expected it; that man is implacable."

"But what interest can he have in this singular manœuvre?" I asked, with astonishment.

"What interest!" exclaimed the Andalusian; "the man who accompanies the wretch is his friend!"

So saying, he fell back on the grass. I seized the telescope which fell from his hand. Fascinated by this fearful sight, I could not look away from it. Still at some distance from the breakers, in the midst of the fire-coloured mist

of the setting sun, Cayetano's bark bounded from wave to wave like a deer taking its aim before leaping a precipice. Of the two men in it, one stood up, then seemed to kneel and pray; the other, it was Cayetano, made a threatening gesture, and at this gesture the man sank down, still supplicating, and raising his hands to Heaven. A cloud of foam hid the rest of the scene from me for a minute, but a cry of fearful anguish mingled with the terrific concert of the billows against the breakers. All this passed as quick as thought. The bark, lifted up by a wave, seemed to spring perpendicularly out of the water, hounded forward, and oscillated an instant, balanced between two rocks. I saw Cayetano stretch out one arm, a body was thrown over the breakers, and all disappeared. Some minutes afterwards, amidst the foam which the setting sun no longer coloured with its bloody hue, the remains of a boat whirled merrily about like bits of straw on the passage of a waterspout; but among these remains no human form could be distinguished.

In the tropics, night comes on without twilight: darkness had replaced daylight, and the sky was full of innumerable stars; but neither the Spaniard nor myself had moved a step. Yet in the former, fury had succeeded dejection, and he muttered the most terrible threats against Cayetano. Suddenly I heard a noise; stones seemed to break away beneath the footsteps of some one ascending the rock, then a head shewed itself near us, the water streaming from its hair. I recognised Cayetano: he was whistling Riego's march as calmly as he had done half-an-hour before.

In the hands of the Spaniard, who bounded up, I heard the snap of a Catalonian knife.

"Hush!" said I to him, "let him first explain himself."

"Make yourself easy," exclaimed Cayetano, putting his foot on firm ground; "your gold is in safety."

"Where? Where?" exclaimed the Spaniard, in the ecstasy of his delight.

"Pepe, to whom I entrusted it, is taking care of it."

"But where?" again exclaimed the Spaniard.

"Eh! Caramba! at the bottom of the sea."

The Spaniard uttered a sort of roar. Cayetano continued, without appearing to notice the fury of the ancient torador,—

"I thought it necessary, I tell you; and besides, I have more than once been past the breakers which surround the Promontory of Souls. If this time the boat went to pieces it was Pepe's fault, although in falling he also cleared the fatal promontory. Go round the breakers, and where the water is calm you will see the mark I put in order to find the body of this dear friend."

"Then," said the Spaniard, "my ingots are in safety?"

"Did I ever deceive you?" replied Cayetano, with an air of wounded dignity. "But you must make haste; your rowers are waiting down below, and there is no time to be lost, if you do not wish the sharks to prevent poor Pepe from rendering you this last service. I did what was necessary, and I am going to mount my horse and ride home. Good night, senori, we shall meet again! Ah! I had forgotten one important matter; all my cigars have got wet in the bath I have been taking, and I am dying to smoke."

Cayetano, already mounted, stretched out his hand to the Spaniard, and began again to whistle his favourite air, but with an appearance of gloomy pre-occupation, which contradicted his affected indifference. He soon rode off, striking from his steel sparks which shone like distant lightning.

We hastened to descend to the shore, where the Spaniard found his men assembled. We entered the canoe. As the fisherman had told us, we found the sea black and still behind the breakers on which the boat had struck. We sought some time without finding the mark mentioned, and the Spaniard began to fear that he had been cheated by the smuggler. But the waves which broke on the opposite side of the rocks fell over upon ours in cascades of fire; by the phosphorescent light which they emitted, a man perceived something black floating on the water. It was the piece of cork which I had remarked in Cayetano's hands. This indication revealed every thing. The Spaniard shrieked with delight; the ingots were there. Following the direction of the string which held the cork, the pointed boathooks seemed to sink into the mud; but they soon met with resistance, and, after many efforts, the four sailors, by the aid of ropes, brought the corpse of Pepe to the surface. The string fastened to the float was tied to the handle of a harpoon, and the point of the harpoon traversed the body clothed in the fatal waistcoat. The Spaniard avidly felt the strange and mournful buoy; nothing was missing. After being stripped of its precious deposit, the body, abandoned with cool indifference by these pitiless men, fell heavily back, throwing up a bright foam on the black surface of the sea. Rays of fire, which suddenly converged under the transparent water towards the spot where the body had disappeared, indicated that the sharks were about to make it their evening meal.

"Cayetano has accomplished his last vengeance like an honest fellow," said the Spaniard, counting his skin bags; "and what is more, like a clever fellow. I owe him honourable satisfaction, and will be hung if the judge can convict him of having been irritated this time."

The gold and ingots were transported to the cutter, and we once more mounted our horses. The country was silent all round the cabin. The caymans of the lake slept on the mud; the reeds alone mingled their sighs with the rustle of the leaves. The footsteps of our horses re-echoed in the distance. As we passed at some distance from the cabin, I saw Cayetano come to the door, attracted by the noise. He recognised us, and exclaimed,—

"Well, senor, is anything missing?"

"No," replied the Spaniard; "and I expect you to settle our accounts."

"Ha!" returned Cayetano, "you owe me at least an Easter taper; your gold has had a narrow escape. Good night! and remember, that smuggling, like war, has cruel necessities."

I shall never forget the sneering tone of that voice in the midst of the darkness. There was something still more terrible in the cool irony of the murderer than in the outbreaks of his anger. I spurred my horse, and soon lost sight of that cabin which in the morning I had found so smiling and picturesque, and which now, in the darkness and silence, appeared to me fearful and sinister like an accursed spot.

EUGENE, MARLBOROUGH, FREDERICK, NAPOLEON, AND WELLINGTON. (Concluded.)

The peace of Dresden lasted ten years; and those were of inestimable value to Frederick. He employed that precious interval in consolidating his conquests, securing the affections by protecting the interests of his subjects, and pursuing every design which could conduce to their welfare. Marshes were drained, lands broken up and cultivated, manufactures established, the finances were put in the best order, agriculture, as the great staple of the kingdom, sedu-

lously encouraged. His capital was embellished, and the fame of his exploits attracted the greatest and most celebrated men in Europe. Voltaire, among the rest, became for years his guest; but the aspiring genius and irascible temper of the military monarch could ill accord with the vanity and insatiable taste for praise in the French author, and they parted with mutual respect but irretrievable alienation. Meanwhile the strength of the monarchy was daily increasing under Frederick's wise and provident administration. The population nearly reached 6,000,000 of souls; the cavalry mustered 30,000, all in the highest state of discipline and equipment; and the infantry, esteemed with reason the most perfect in Europe, numbered an hundred and twenty thousand bayonets. These troops had long been accustomed to act together in large bodies; the best training next to actual service in the field which an army can receive. They had need of all their skill, and discipline, and courage, for Prussia was ere long threatened by the most formidable confederacy that ever yet had been directed in modern times against a single state. Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and Saxony, united in alliance for the purpose of partitioning the Prussian territories. They had ninety millions of men in their dominions, and could with ease bring four hundred thousand men into the field. Prussia had not six million of inhabitants, who were strained to the utmost to array a hundred and fifty thousand combatants—and even with the aid of England and Hanover, not more than fifty thousand auxiliaries could be relied on. Prussia had neither strong fortresses like Flanders, nor mountain chains like Spain, nor a frontier stream like France. It was chiefly composed of flat plains, unprotected by great rivers, and surrounded on all sides by its enemies. The contest seemed utterly desperate; there did not seem a chance of escape for the Prussian monarchy.

Frederick began the contest by one of those strokes which demonstrated the strength of his understanding and the vigor of his determination. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he carried the war at once into the enemy's territories, and converted the resources of the nearest of them to his own advantage. Having received authentic intelligence of the signature of a treaty for the partition of his kingdom by the great powers, on 9th May, 1756, he suddenly entered the Saxon territories, made himself master of Dresden, and shut up the whole forces of Saxony in the entrenched camp at Pirna. Marshal Brown having advanced at the head of 60,000 men to relieve them, he encountered and totally defeated him at Lowositz, with the loss of 15,000 men. Deprived of all hope of succor, the Saxons in Pirna, after having made vain efforts to escape, were obliged to lay down their arms, 14,000 strong. The whole of Saxony submitted to the victor who thenceforward, during the war, converted its entire resources to his own support. Beyond all question it was this masterly and successful stroke, in the very outset, and in the teeth of his enemies, adding above a third to his warlike resources, which enabled him subsequently to maintain his ground against the desperate odds by which he was assailed. Most of the Saxons taken at Pirna, dazzled by their conqueror's fame, entered his service: the Saxon youths hastened in crowds to enrol themselves under the banners of the hero of the North of Germany. Frederick, at the same time effectually vindicated the step he had taken in the eyes of all Europe, by the publication of the secret treaty of partition, taken in the archives at Dresden, in spite of the efforts of the electress to conceal it. Whatever might have been the case in the former war, when he seized on Silesia, it was apparent to the world, that he now at least, was strictly in the right, and that his invasion of Saxony was not less justifiable on the score of public morality, than important in its consequences to the great contest in which he was engaged.

The allies made the utmost efforts to regain the advantages they had lost. France, instead of the 24,000 men she was bound to furnish by the treaty of partition, put 100,000 on foot; the Diet of Ratisbon placed 60,000 troops of the empire at the disposal of Austria; but Frederick still preserved the ascendant. Breaking into Bohemia in March 1757, he defeated the Austrians in a great battle under the walls of Prague, shut up 40,000 of their best troops in that town, and soon reduced them to such extremities, that it was evident if not succored, they must surrender. The cabinet of Vienna made the greatest efforts for their relief. Marshal Daun, whose cautious and scientific policy were peculiarly calculated to thwart the designs, and baffle the audacity of his youthful antagonist, advanced at the head of 60,000 men to their relief. Frederick advanced to meet them with less than 20,000 combatants. He attacked the Imperialists in a strong position at Kolin, on the 18th July, and for the first time in his life, met with a bloody defeat. His army, especially that part commanded by his brother, the prince royal, sustained severe losses in the retreat, which became unavoidable, out of Bohemia; and the king confessed in his private correspondence, that an honorable death alone remained to him. Disaster accumulated on every side. The English and Hanoverian army, his only allies, capitulated at Closterseven, and left the French army, 70,000 strong, at liberty to follow the Prussians; the French and the troops of the empire, with the Duke of Richelieu at their head, menaced Magdeburg, where the royal family of Prussia had taken refuge; and advanced towards Dresden. The Russians, 60,000 strong were making serious advances on the side of Poland, and had recently defeated the Prussians opposed to them. The king was put to the ban of the empire, and the army of the empire, mustering 40,000, was moving against him. Four huge armies, each stronger than his own, were advancing to crush a prince who could not collect 30,000 men around his banners. At that period he carried a sure poison always with him, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies. He seriously contemplated suicide, and gave vent to the mournful, but yet heroic, sentiments with which he was inspired, in a letter to Voltaire, terminating with the lines—

Pour moi, menace, de naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant, l'orage
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.

Then it was that the astonishing vigor and powers of his mind shone forth with their full lustre. Collecting hastily 25,000 men out of his shattered battalions, he marched against the Prince of Soubise, who, at the head of 60,000 French, and the troops of the empire, was advancing against him through Thuringia, and totally defeated him, with the loss of 18,000 men, on the memorable field of Rosbach. Hardly was the triumph achieved, when he was called with his indefatigable followers to stem the progress of the Prince of Lorraine and Marshal Daun, who were making the most alarming progress in Silesia. Schweidnitz, its capital had fallen, and a large body of Prussians under the Duke de Bevern had been defeated at Breslau. That rich and important province seemed on the point of falling again into the hands of the Austrians, when Frederick reinstated his affairs, which seemed wholly desperate, by one of those astonishing strokes which distinguished him, perhaps, above any general of modern times. In the depth of winter he attacked at Leuthen, on the 5th December, 1757, Marshal Daun and the Prince of Lorraine,—who had 60,000 admirable troops under their command,—and, by the skilful application of the oblique method of attack, defeated them entirely, with the loss of 30,000 men, of whom 18,000 were prisoners; it was the greatest victory that had been gained in Europe since the battle of Blenheim. Its effects were immense: the Austrians

were driven headlong out of Silesia; Schweidnitz was regained; the King of Prussia, pursuing them, carried the war into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz; and England, awakening at the voice of Chatham, from its unworthy slumber, refused to ratify the capitulation of Closterseven, resumed the war on the continent with more vigor than ever, and entrusted its direction to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon rivalled Turenne in the skill and science of his methodical warfare.

But it was the destiny of the King of Prussia—a destiny which displayed his great qualities in their full lustre—to be perpetually involved in difficulties, from the enormous numerical preponderance of his enemies, or the misfortunes of the lieutenants to whom his subordinate armies were intrusted. Frederick could not be personally present everywhere at the same time; and wherever he was absent, disaster revealed the overwhelming superiority of the force by which he was assailed. The siege of Olmutz, commenced in March 1758, proved unfortunate. The battering train, at the disposal of the king, was unequal to its reduction, and it became necessary to raise it on the approach of Daun with a formidable Austrian army. During this unsuccessful irruption into the south, the Russians had been making alarming progress in the north-east, where the feeble force opposed to them was well nigh overwhelmed by their enormous superiority of numbers. Frederick led back the flower of his army from Olmutz, in Moravia, crossed all Silesia and Prussia, and encountered the sturdy barbarians at Zorndorf, defeating them with the loss of 17,000 men, an advantage which delivered the eastern provinces of the monarchy from this formidable invasion; dearly purchased, however, by the sacrifice of ten thousand of his own best soldiers. But, during the king's absence, Prince Henry of Prussia, whom he had left in command of 16,000 men to keep Marshal Daun in check, was well nigh overwhelmed by that able commander, who was again at the head of 50,000 combatants. Frederick flew back to his support, and, having joined his brother, took post at Hohenkirchen. The position was unfavorable; the army inferior to the enemy. "If Daun does not attack us here," said Marshal Keith, "he deserves to be hanged." "I hope," answered Frederick, "he will be more afraid of us than the rope." The Austrian veteran, however, saw his advantage, and attacked the Prussians during the night, with such skill, that he threw them into momentary confusion, took 150 pieces of cannon, and drove them from their ground, with the loss of 7000 men. Then it was that the courage and genius of the king shone forth with their full lustre. Though grievously wounded in the conflict, and having seen his best generals fall around him, he rallied his troops at daybreak,—formed them in good order behind the village which had been surprised, and led them leisurely from the field of conflict, where he offered battle to the enemy, who did not venture to accept it. Having remained two days in this position, to re-organize his troops, he decamped, raised the siege of Niesse, and succeeded in taking up his winter quarters at Breslau, in the very middle of the province he had wrested from the enemy.

The campaign of 1759 was still more perilous to Frederick; but, if possible, it displayed his extraordinary talents in still brighter colors. He began by observing the Austrians, under Daun and the Prince of Lorraine, in Silesia, and reserved his strength to combat the Russians, who were advancing, 80,000 strong, through East Prussia. Frederick attacked them at Cunnersdorf, with 40,000 only, in an entrenched position, guarded by 200 pieces of cannon. The first onset of the Prussians was entirely successful: they forced the front line of the Russian entrenchment, and took 72 pieces of cannon. But the situation of the king was such, pressed on all sides by superior armies, that he could not stop short with ordinary success; and, in the attempt to gain a decisive victory, he had well nigh lost all. The heroism of his troops was shattered against the strength of the second line of the Russians; a large body of Austrians came up to their support during the battle, and after having exhausted all the resources of courage and genius, he was driven from the field with the loss of 20,000 men and all his artillery. The Russians lost 18,000 men in this terrible battle, the most bloody which had been fought for centuries in Europe, and were in no condition to follow up their victory. Other misfortunes, however, in appearance overwhelming, succeeded each other. General Schmellau capitulated at Dresden; and Gen. Finck with 17,000 men was obliged to lay down his arms in the defiles of the Bohemian mountains. All seemed lost; but the king still persevered, and the victory of Minden enabled Prince Ferdinand to detach 12,000 men to his support. The Prussians nobly stood by their heroic sovereign in the hour of trial; new levies supplied the wide chasms in his ranks. Frederick's great skill averted all future disasters, and the campaign of 1759, the fourth of the war, concluded with the king still in possession of all his dominions in the midst of the enormous forces of his enemies.

The campaign of 1760 began in March, by another disaster at Landsheeh, where ten thousand Prussians were cut to pieces, under one of his generals, and the important fortress of Glatz invested by the Austrians. Frederick advanced to relieve it; but soon remeasured his steps to attempt the siege of Dresden. Daun, in his turn, followed him, and obliged the Prussian monarch to raise the siege; and he resumed his march into Silesia, closely followed by three armies, each more numerous than his own, under Laudon, Daun, and Lacey, without their being able to obtain the slightest advantage over him. Laudon, the most active of them, attempted to surprise him; but Frederick was aware of his design, and received the attacking columns in so masterly a manner, that they were totally defeated, with the loss of 12,000 men. Scarcely had he achieved this victory, when he had to make head against Lacey, withstand Daun, repel an enormous body of Russians, who were advancing through East Prussia, and deliver Berlin, which had been a second time occupied by his enemies. Driven to desperate measures by such an unparalleled succession of dangers, he extricated himself from them by the terrible battle and extraordinary victory of Torgau, on Nov. 3, 1761, in which, after a dreadful struggle, he defeated Daun, though entrenched to the teeth, with the loss of 25,000 men—an advantage dearly purchased by the loss of 18,000 of his own brave soldiers. But this victory saved the Prussian monarchy: Daun, severely wounded in the battle, retired to Vienna; the army withdrew into Bohemia; two thirds of Saxony was regained by the Prussians; the Russians and Swedes retired; Berlin was delivered from the enemy; and the fifth campaign terminated with the unconquerable monarch still in possession of nearly his whole dominions.

The military strength of Prussia was now all but exhausted by the unparalleled and heroic efforts she had made. Frederick has left us the following picture of the state of his army and kingdom at this disastrous period:—"Our condition at that time can only be likened to that of a man riddled with balls, weakened by the loss of blood, and ready to sink under the weight of his sufferings. The noblesse was exhausted, the lower people ruined; numbers of villages burnt, many towns destroyed; an entire anarchy had overturned the whole order and police of government; in a word, desolation was universal. The army was in no better situation. Seventeen pitched battles had mowed down the flower of the officers and soldiers; the regiments were broken down and composed in part of deserters and prisoners: order had disappeared and discipline relaxed to

such a degree that the old infantry was little better than a body of newly raised militia." Necessity, not less than prudence, in these circumstances, which to any other man would have seemed desperate, prescribed a cautious defensive policy; and it is doubtful whether in it his greatness did not appear more conspicuous than in the bolder parts of his former career. The campaign of 1761 passed in skillful marches and countermarches, without his numerous enemies being able to obtain a single advantage, where the king commanded in person. He was now, literally speaking, assailed on all sides; the immense masses of the Austrians and Russians were converging to one point; and Frederick, who could not muster 40,000 men under his banners, found himself assailed by 120,000 allies, whom six campaigns had brought to perfection in the military art. It seemed impossible he could escape; yet he did so, and compelled his enemies to retire without gaining the slightest advantage over him. Taking part in an entrenched camp at Bunzelwitz, fortified with the utmost skill, defended with the utmost vigilance, he succeeded in maintaining himself and providing his troops for two months within cannon shot of the enormous masses of the Russians and Austrians, till want of provisions obliged them to separate. "It has just come to this," said Frederick, "who will starve first?" He made his enemies do so. Burning with shame, they were forced to retire to their respective territories, so that he was enabled to take up his winter quarters at Breslau in Silesia.

But, during this astonishing struggle, disaster had accumulated in other quarters. His camp at Bunzelwitz had only been maintained by concentrating in it nearly the whole strength of the monarchy, and its more distant provinces suffered severely under the drain. Schweidnitz, the capital of Silesia, was surprised by the Austrians, with its garrison of 4000 men. Prince Henry, after the loss of Dresden, had the utmost difficulty in maintaining himself in the part of Saxony which still remained to the Prussians: in Silesia they had lost all but Glogau, Breslau, and Neiss; and, to complete his misfortune, the dismissal of Lord Chatham from office in England, had led to the stoppage of the wonted subsidy of £750,000 a year. The resolution of the king did not sink, but his judgment almost despaired of success under such a complication of disasters. Determined not to yield, he discovered a conspiracy at his head-quarters, to seize him, and deliver him to his enemies. Dreading such a calamity more than death, he carried with him, as formerly in similar circumstances, a sure poison, intended, in the last extremity, to terminate his days.

"Nevertheless," as he himself said, "affairs which seemed desperate, in reality were not so; and perseverance at length surmounted every peril." Fortune often, in real life as well as in romance, favours the brave. In the case of Frederick, however, it would be unjust to say he was favoured by Fortune. On the contrary, she long proved adverse to him; and he recovered her smiles only by heroically persevering till the ordinary chance of human affairs turned in his favour. He accomplished what in serious cases is the great aim of medicine; he made the patient survive the disease. In the winter of 1761, the Empress of Russia died, and was succeeded by Peter III. That prince had long conceived the most ardent admiration for Frederick, and he manifested it in the most decisive manner on his accession to the throne, by not only withdrawing from the alliance, but uniting his forces with those of Prussia against Austria. This great event speedily changed the face of affairs. The united Prussians and Russians under Frederick, 70,000 strong, retook Schweidnitz in the face of Daun, who had only 60,000 men; and, although the sudden death of the Czar Peter in a few months deprived him of the aid of his powerful neighbours, yet Russia took no farther part in the contest. France, exhausted and defeated in every quarter of the globe by England, could render no aid to Austria, upon whom the whole weight of the contest fell. It was soon apparent that she was overmatched by the Prussian hero. Relieved from the load which had so long oppressed him, Frederick vigorously resumed the offensive. Silesia was wholly regained by the king in person: the battle of Freyberg gave his brother, Prince Henry, the ascendant in Saxony; and the cabinet of Vienna, seeing the contest hopeless, were glad to make peace at Hubertsbourg, on 15th February, 1763, on terms which left Silesia and his whole dominions to the King of Prussia.

He entered Berlin in triumph after six years' absence, in an open chariot, with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick seated by his side. No words can paint the enthusiasm of the spectators at the august spectacle, or the admiration with which they regarded the hero who had filled the world with his renown. It was no wonder they were proud of their sovereign. His like had never been seen in modern times. He had founded and saved a kingdom. He had conquered Europe in arms. With six millions of subjects he had vanquished powers possessing ninety millions. He had created a new era in the art of war. His people were exhausted, pillaged, ruined; their numbers had declined a tenth during the contest. But what then? They had come victorious out of a struggle unparalleled in modern times: the halo of Leuthen and Rosbach, of Zorndorf and Torgau, played round their bayonets; they were inspired with the energy which so speedily repairs any disaster. Frederick wisely and magnanimously laid aside the sword when he resumed the pacific sceptre. His subsequent reign was almost entirely pacific; all the wounds of war were speedily healed under his sage and beneficent administration. Before his death, his subjects were double, and the national wealth triple what it had been at the commencement of his reign: and Prussia now boasts of sixteen millions of inhabitants, and a population increasing faster in numbers and resources than any other state in Europe.

No laboured character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick, like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals,—if Hannibal be excepted, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful: on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that a respite even in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He could protract the struggle only by strong and vigorous strokes and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without risking receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skillful use of an interior line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous course, and none had ever so much magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times.

The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is Napoleon. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no re-

semblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube, at the head of 180,000 men, invading Russia with 500,000, or overrunning Spain with 300,000, and Frederick the Great with 30,000 or 40,000, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy in 1796, in Saxony in 1813, and in the plains of Champagne in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an interior line of communication. His immortal campaign in France in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with 70,000 men against 250,000 enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the Coalition. Rapidity of movement, skill in strategy, and the able use of an interior line of communication, were what enabled both to compensate a prodigious inferiority of force. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate, that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonoured throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different: the one transmitted an honored and aggrandized throne to his successors; the other, overthrown and discredited, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit: the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendour of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds as a general were more extraordinary than those of the French Emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six.

If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—Wellington. Their political and military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of an alliance, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing their jealousies and stifling their selfishness; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation, which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation, and frets at the cost of wars, which its political position renders unavoidable, or its ambitious spirit had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any farther demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged was waged against the inclination, and, in appearance at least, against the interests of a large and powerful party at home, which sympathized from political feeling with their enemies, and were ready to decry every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own countrymen. The Tories were to Marlborough precisely what the Whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over the adjoining states, had come to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and at length produced a general coalition to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars, not less material, their situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties approaching those which beset Wellington to struggle with. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch governments, his force was generally equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly of a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any farther or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbours. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed, were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea in the very first encounter.

While the French had never less than 200,000, sometimes as many as 260,000 effective troops at their disposal, after providing for all their garrisons and communications, the English general had never more than 30,000 effective British and 20,000 Portuguese around his standard. The French were directed by the Emperor, who, intent on the subjugation of the Peninsula, and wielding the inexhaustible powers of the conscription for the supply of his armies, cared not though he lost 100,000 men, so as he purchased success by their sacrifice in every campaign. Wellington was supported at home by a government, which, raising its soldiers by voluntary enrolment, could with difficulty supply a drain of 15,000 men a year from their ranks, and watched by a party which decried every advantage, and magnified every disaster, in order to induce the entire withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula. Napoleon sent into Spain a host of veterans trained in fifteen years' combats, who had carried the French standards into every capital of Europe. Wellington led to this encounter troops admirably disciplined, indeed, but almost all unacquainted with actual war, and who had often to learn the rudiments even of the most necessary field operations in presence of the enemy. Marlborough's troops, though heterogeneous and dissimilar, had been trained to their practical duties in the preceding wars under William III., and brought into the field a degree of experience noways inferior to that of their opponents. Whoever weighs with impartiality those different circumstances, cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion that as Wel-

lington's difficulties were incomparably more formidable than Marlborough's so his merit, in surmounting them, was proportionally greater.

Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both laboured of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812; the actions before Bayonne in 1813; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise: he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were, at least, equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them, but from necessity or the emergency of a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington in seven fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.*

Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took above twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's bolder disposition more frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. But Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the South of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with 40,000 men, upon the communications, in the North, of 200,000. It is hard to say which was the greater general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honourable to himself, for they were achieved against greater odds. And his fame, in future times, will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history, perhaps, parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

The examination of the comparative merits of these two illustrious generals, and the enumeration of the names of their glorious triumphs, suggests one reflection of a very peculiar kind. That England is a maritime power, that the spirit of her inhabitants is essentially nautical, and that the sea is the element on which her power has chiefly been developed, need be told to none who reflect on the magnitude of her present colonial empire, and how long she has wielded the empire of the waves. The French are the first to tell us that her strength is confined to that element; that she is, at land, only a third-rate power; and that the military career does not suit the genius of her people. How, then, has it happened that England, the nautical power, and little inured to land operations, has inflicted greater wounds upon France by military success, than any other power, and that in almost all the pitched battles which the two nations have fought, during five centuries, the English have proved victorious? That England's military force is absorbed in the defence of a colonial empire which encircles the earth, is indeed certain, and, in every age, the impatience of taxation in her people has starved down her establishment, during peace, to so low a point, as rendered the occurrence of disaster, in the first years consequent on the breaking out of war, a matter of certainty; while the military spirit of its neighbours has kept theirs at the level which ensures early success. Yet with all these disadvantages, and with a population which, down to the close of the last war, was little more than half that of France, she has inflicted far greater land disasters on her redoubtable neighbour than all the military monarchies of Europe put together.

English armies, for 120 years, ravaged France: they have twice taken its capital; an English king was crowned at Paris; a French king rode captive through London; a French emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment, owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general. All the great disasters and days of mourning for France, since the battle of Hastings,—Tenchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Verneuil, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramilies, Malplaquet, Minden, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Waterloo,—were all gained by English generals, and won, for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians. No coalition against France has ever been successful, in which England did not take a prominent part; none, in the end, failed of gaining its objects, in which she stood foremost in the fight. This fact is so apparent on the surface of history, that it is admitted by the ablest French historians, though they profess themselves unable to explain it.

Is it that there is a degree of hardihood and courage in the Anglo-Saxon race which renders them, without the benefit of previous experience in war, adequate to the conquest, on land, even of the most warlike Continental military nations? Is it that the quality of dogged resolution, determination not to be conquered, is of such value in war, that it compensates almost any degree of inferiority in the practical acquaintance with war? Is it that the North brings forth a bolder race of men than the South, and that, other things being equal, the people in a more rigorous climate will vanquish those in a more genial? Is it that the free spirit which, in every age, has distinguished the English people, has communicated a degree of vigour and resolution to their warlike operations, which has rendered them so often victorious in land fights, albeit nautical and commercial in their ideas, over their military neighbours? Or is it, that this courage in war, and this vigour in peace, and this passion for freedom at all times, arise

* Viz. Vimiera, the Douro, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Bidassoa, the Nive, the Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.

from and are but symptoms of an ardent and aspiring disposition, imprinted by Nature on the races to whom was destined the dominion of half the globe? Experience has not yet determined to which of these causes this most extraordinary fact has been owing; but it is one upon which our military neighbours, and especially the French, would do well to ponder, now that the population of the British isles will, on the next census, be *thirty millions*. If England has done such things in Continental warfare, with an army which never brought fifty thousand native British sabres and bayonets into the field, what would be the result if national distress or necessities, or a change in the objects of general desire, were to send two hundred thousand?

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

In the second year of the reign of the Emperor Decius (A. D. 250), seven noble youths of Ephesus were imprisoned for allegiance to a then persecuted faith, in the most westerly of those towers which strengthen, at irregular intervals, the Hellenic portion of the wall of Ephesus, built by Lysimachus of old, and which stretches across the heights of Mount Coressus, from the gates called Magnetida.

Although no expressions of fear or dismay escaped their lips, or allowed themselves to be manifested in their actions, still traces of anxiety were discernible in their countenances; and an imperial galley had arrived that day in the harbour, and had attracted them to the grated windows of their prison. Immediately below, were numerous arches and vaulted tombs of rough stone work cased with marble, and belonging to the pagans; but beyond this, the prospect embraced a vast extent of groves and woods, of public and private gardens, and country seats of rich Ephesians, which stretched down to the sea shore, except where interrupted by the dwelling-houses and mansions of the town of Phygela; while at a still greater distance, and beyond the placid bay, in which the Cayster poured its swan-bearing stream, were to be seen the glittering houses of Claros, backed by rugged mountains, which curved round in bold promontories to breast the waters of the ocean. A flood of golden light rolled over valley, woods, and distant hills, and lent to them, and to the boundless expanse of sea beyond, a degree of splendour and magnificence, which did not fail to have some effect even upon the disturbed minds of those who thus gazed from their rock-lifted prison, upon a scene then without a rival in the world.

"The prophecy of the Apostle Paul, who was imprisoned within these very walls," observed the elder of the seven, more in resignation than in sorrow, "after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock," has met its fulfilment."

"There is a melancholy satisfaction," remarked another, in suffering within walls so sanctified: but as in those young days of a disputed faith, the mercenary opposition of the silversmith Demetrius failed in impeding the progress of truth so surely has Christianity little to fear ultimately from the persecutions of Decius."

"I should entertain less apprehension with regard to the results," again observed the eldest, "were it not for the want of zeal and firmness which exists in the bosom of the church itself; but the number of the chosen is few, and it is to be hoped they will not be found wanting. Such sacrifices are not only necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy, but also to the great ends of Providence. It is obvious that the present moment is one pregnant with results. Paganism and Christianity are now fairly opposed to one another, it is no longer a faith disputed in the school of Tyrannus, or publicly scoffed at in the gymnasium. Before this persecution began, the temples of the heathen were not more crowded than was the church of Christ; and if a sacrifice must be made to ensure a victory, let us not, as of yore, be rebuked for having left our first love, but let us suffer and faint not."

"It is strange," interrupted a third, by name Jamblichus, who had somewhat less faith, and was consequently more dispirited than the others, "that the number of the chosen should be seven. It is the same number as that of the sons of Sceva the Jew, who abjured the evil spirit in the name of Jesus, and yet believed not, and were overcome."

"Seven," replied the eldest, "is a mystical number, and on that account it is the more evident that we are selected for some great purpose. The seven stars were the angels of the seven churches, which were again revealed to John by the seven candlesticks, and of which the church of Ephesus is one and the first. It was necessary that one innocent child should fall to save the seven heroes of Thebes; let us pray that the fall of seven sons of Ephesus may save its credit and renown."

"The great temple of the fire worshippers at Ecbatana," observed Jamblichus, had "also its seven walls of seven different colours, marking the seven great heavenly bodies, and the climate in which they revolved."

"Seven," again said the eldest, in a tone of rebuke, "came of God, and is a divine and astronomical law. Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh, rest."

The heavy tramp of soldiery ascending the steps here interrupted the conversation. The guard entered the prison, and commanded the young men to follow. The imperial warrant had arrived, and a great example was to be made to the stubborn Ephesians. The young men listened to their doom, but blanched not; folding their tunics, whose broad open borders declared their noble birth, each tied around his head a kerchief, which had come from Apostle Paul's person, and then issued forth in silent procession.

Their way led at first eastward, along the foot of Mount Coressus, by narrow and crooked streets, crowded by Jewish and pagan multitudes, of whom some reviled, but others grieved. But arrived in the Agora, an equal number of Christians disputed the crowding of the whole open space. Many of those present were at that moment under accusation, and had only the indulgence of a convenient time to prepare an answer to the crime imputed to them; some, affrighted at the spectacle now presented to their view, were considering by what amount of pecuniary sacrifice they might reconcile in some measure their safety with their religion; or were inwardly resolving on a hasty flight to avert a similar calamity. There were even some few who had made the atonement of penance, and renounced the faith which they professed; but these kept aloof from the crowd, and their abashed and anxious countenances too clearly betrayed their inward remorse and misery.

As the young men approached, those present who stood steadfast to their faith hastened to salute them by kissing their hands, or their garments, and so zealous was the crowd in the last token of love and respect, that it was with difficulty the guard could make a way. The deputies from Rome sat with the magistrates under a rich portico and colonnade opening upon the market place, and alarmed at the silence which, like that which precedes a storm, pervaded the crowd, they motioned the soldiers on, and the mournful procession moved towards the gates of Magnesia. Passing without these, the difficult ascent of Mount Coressus was next commenced by a steep and well-worn water channel,

down which trickled the only stream flowing from these hills into the plain; and here and there a step cut in the solid rock assisted their way, till they gained a spot where strewn rocks and tangled shrubs rendered the ascent still more laborious, and in the midst of which was a cave, whither the seven of Ephesus were ushered, before the whole assembled city.

Disembarrassing themselves of their arms and heavy accoutrements, the Roman soldiers now busily engaged themselves, tearing huge masses of rock from where they lay in their beds of myrtle, ivy, and box, carrying them to the mouth of the cave, and piling them one upon another. The youths stood unappalled at the entrance, looking for the last time down upon the scene of all their early affections and worldly ties, while the assembled population contemplated on their part from below the sad spectacle, which was thus presented to their view.

Ephesus was at this period in all its glory. The Indian sea in its blue depths and boundless expanse was not a more magnificent object than was that city with its tranquil harbour, its beauteous edifices, its mighty temples, and its far-extending walls, climbing rocks and precipices. The ancient traffic with Lacedemon, and the Isles of the Aegean, had been extended to the Adriatic, to Rome, Sicily, and Carthage. Ephesus, under the paternal government of the Cæsars, was in the enjoyment of all the arts of peace, and the luxuries of an extended commerce. It was the emporium of the whole peninsular of Lesser Asia, and the costume of a hundred different nations might be seen within its walls.

Immediately below the rock was the more crowded part of the city, with its open market, and well built theatre, while behind this the Corinthian columns, forty feet high, and six feet in diameter, of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, rose above the surrounding buildings, bearing architrave, frieze, and cornice, of the most beautiful finish and perfect workmanship. From this temple, one straight, wide, and open street, near the centre of which was the tomb of Androclus, led downwards to that famous edifice, the admiration of people of all nations, the labour of two centuries, and in the erection of which the arts of Greece, and the contributions of all the states of Lesser Asia, had assisted—the temple of Diana of Ephesus. Raised upon a base thirty or forty feet high, and approached by a grand flight of steps, this splendid structure overlooked the whole extent of the harbour, and its vast wings, which contained the innumerable chambers, dark apartments, and substructures appertaining to the mysterious rites of paganism, stretched out to the west from each extremity of the central colossal mass, which was fronted by a hundred and twenty-seven granite columns,* (the gifts of devout monarchs,) each sixty feet high, and of Ionic order, while the building itself was cased with white marble walls, in which the utmost elegance of detail was combined with simplicity, strength, and imposing magnitude. Close by, but within the sanctuary, which had been confined by the Cæsars to a stadium in extent, was the spring of Hypelaus to which devotees and refugees alike repaired for refreshment.

But the eyes of the seven did not rest on these proud edifices of a triumphant paganism. There arose beyond the rugged heights of Mount Prion, distinguished by its ancient walls and marble quarries, a gentle eminence, on which stood the simple Basilica, sacred to the apostle unto whom the Ephesians were baptized, before the advent of St. Paul, and close by was the open sepulture of the Virgin. The church of St. John was then a most simple edifice of solid brick-work—a mere parallelogram divided into nave and aisles by columns, with a semicircular tribune in lieu of chancel, and whose only external pretensions to architectural ornament were rows of blind arches, where windows ought to have been. Around this edifice were scattered the humble dwellings of the Christians, and the spot possessed an interest in the eyes of the youthful martyrs, which evoked their humanity in many a silent tear and ill-suppressed sigh.

Evening was now creeping on apace, the sun was rapidly sinking in the horizon as the wall increased in height, and the united labours of twenty Roman soldiers had nearly accomplished the work of shutting out from the world the seven youths of Ephesus, as the last rays were lingering upon the loftier buildings of the city, lending a deeper and more solemn hue to the gorgeous scene which lay at their feet, and which they were never to witness again.

At this moment, the vesper of the pagans came hymned upon the evening breeze by a hundred sweet voices. The priestess of Diana was approaching the temple with all her train, a hundred beauteous virgins clothed all alike, in snowy silken robes, buckled with silver clasps, and azure scarfs embroidered over with stars, their hair knit up in curious tresses, and crowned with silver crescents. Each held a silver bow in her left hand, and in her right an arrow drawn from the embroidered quiver, which hung by silken cords to her side.

As the priestess advanced through the inner court, the maidens, who lent lustre even to her superior charms, opened their ranks and made a lane, through which she passed towards the altar, adorned by the masterly sculptures of Praxiteles, who had selected his subjects from Latona; the concealment of Apollo after the slaughter of the Cyclops; and the clemency of Bacchus to the vanquished Amazons. Arrived at this point, she approached the silver chair, placed above the perpetual meteorite, "the stone which fell down from Jupiter," (Acts, xix. 35,) and depositing her bow by her side, became seated. Her upper vesture was of blue silk, glistening with stars of gold, and girt to the waists by serpents; beneath was a robe of silver tinsel, fringed with gold; and her hair was bound up like a coronet, and set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones surmounted by a golden crescent.

Sphere-like, the maidens encircled the living Diana, and offered on one knee their devotions and the incense of their sweet voices;

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in their silver chair,
State it wonted manner keep,
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright."

For a time the noble youths were overcome by the splendour of the scene before them, and by the soft sounds which came mellowed by distance. It was, however, but the momentary enchantment of oblivion. Recovering themselves as from a stupor, they, by a simultaneous impulse, burst forth in the praise of the God of the Christians, in those glorious words of the Psalmist King, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee." It was a long hymn of tribulation, swelling into a song of joy, consolation and triumph; and ere it was finished, the temple, priestess, and virgins, were to them for ever entombed in silence and darkness; the whole city was wrapped in the mantle of night, and the soldiers had departed from their accomplished task.

The darkness of the cave was so dense as to be almost palpable. A thick

* Gibbon says marble columns; but at Aiasaluk, the Turkish town which has arisen upon the ruins of Ephesus, there is a ruined marble mosque, supported by four gigantic granite pillars, said to be remnants of the Temple of Diana.

flagging vapour pervaded it. The rivulet seemed to creep by with a dull murmuring sound, which lulled the senses to slumber. No noises, such as were wont to mark the neighborhood of the great walled city, could be heard; a heavy weight pressed upon their eye-lids, and forgetfulness stole over all their faculties. One after another, the youths sank upon the ground, and fell into a deep, unbroken slumber.

Two centuries all but a few years,* had elapsed, when the slaves of Adolius removing stones from the mountain side without knowing it, let the light of the sun into the cave, and the seven sleepers awoke. After the first feelings of astonishment at the novelty of their situation were over, and prayer and meditation had restored the memory of past events, it is not surprising that after so long a fast the feelings of hunger began to make themselves paramount over all other considerations. After some discussion, pressed by the urgency of the call, it was determined to draw lots, as to which of them should descend the mountain, and endeavour to penetrate into the town by stealth, till he could meet with some friendly Christian, from whom he might obtain provisions.

The chance fell upon Jamblichus; and a few more stones being removed from the aperture, the Christian of the last century made his way amid tangled shrubs and rugged rocks to the side of the mountain whence he was to descend upon the highway, which leads between Mount Coressus and Mount Prion, from Ephesus to Magnesia on the Meander. But previous to commencing his bold venture, he for a moment stopped to contemplate the city he was about to enter; and then he might have been seen, although the atmosphere was clear and bright, rubbing his eyes, as if the mist or drowsiness of the cave still hung upon them. Looking again, it appeared as if a change had come over the scene—the city of Ephesus was there, but altered, and scarcely recognisable; Mount Prion stood before him in all its changeless ruggedness; but instead of the modest Basilica, on the virgin's mound, there arose then a magnificent cathedral, of proud bearing and vast magnitude, on the other hand, the great temple of Diana was no longer to be seen;† while a line of brick wall stretched along the foot of Mount Coressus, extending from near the theatre, westward, to the port, and enclosing the Agora and its mansions between the theatre, and where the temple had been. For the first time, a sense of something miraculous, and surpassing understanding, came across the Ephesian's mind. He did not dare to examine further, but continued his descent, his heart beating tumultuously, and his feet trembling beneath him. On gaining the road, there were but few people there; and those, to judge by their costume, were merchants from some distant country; to his annoyance, however, it appeared that they viewed him with doubts and curiosity. Hastening along, a still greater surprise awaited him, for, turning an angle of the road, the gates of Magnesia appeared before him, surmounted by a colossal cross. It was difficult, amid so many wonders crowding on him at every step, to restrain from ejaculations, but fear compelled him to silence. Within the city, he scarcely knew his way; old shops had disappeared, and new ones sprung up in their places; the streets followed new and different directions; and above all, amidst the great crowd moving about each in the pursuit of his own avocations, he did not meet with a face he knew or a single person whom he could determine to be a fellow-Christian. Fatigued and awed, he resolved upon making a purchase of bread at a baker's shop, and returning to his companions. With this view, he approached the nearest, and tendered, in exchange for the bread, a golden coin, having on one side the head of the Emperor Decius. The baker, examining the coin, and looking at Jamblichus, said, "Young man, your dress bespeaks you a stranger; wherefore do you tender a coin no longer current?"

Jamblichus felt faint, as he distinguished, with difficulty, from an unfamiliar language, the meaning of the inquiry.

"The coin," he answered, with a broken voice, "was good yesterday; what has occurred that it should not be so to-day?"

"Such a coin has not passed in Ephesus," observed the baker, "for nigh two centuries; and I suspect your intentions are about as honest as your disguise of dress and language, and your manners would indicate them to be."

A crowd had been quickly attracted by the discussion, and still more so, by the appearance of Jamblichus; and some among them suggested that he had found a treasure, and wished to impose upon the good Christians of Ephesus.

"You are no Christians," said Jamblichus; "for if you were, you would scarce dare to own it. Your dress and language bespeak you of a different race."

It was too much for an always excitable mob to have it supposed that there still existed pagans in the peculiarly sacred and Christian city of Ephesus, and they called out lustily, "To the magistrate—to the magistrate! Away, away with the pagan impostor!" The crowd re-echoed the cry, and Jamblichus was hastened along by a resistless mass of people, increasing every moment in numbers.

If under the milder rule of the Byzantine emperors, and the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state, the abuse of the military spirit had been much subdued, and violence suppressed, it was only to be supplanted by an artificial system of tame and ceremonious servitude, out of which occasionally popular feeling broke with an unrestrained license and overwhelming vehemence. The attendants at the porch of the chief magistrate of the city refused admittance to what they considered as a madman borne along by the crowd. The baker held out the Roman coin in vain till, impatience broke the bounds of decorum; and the clamour of the people made itself heard within the walls of the palace, and then Jamblichus was hurried into the presence.

"Whence do you come?" said the governor, viewing the Roman Ephesian with a contempt not unmingled with wonder. The youth hesitated for a moment; but twice had the great apostle to the Gentiles enjoined the Ephesians to put away lying, and to gird their loins with truth as part of the armour of God, and he determined at all risks to abide by that injunction.

"From the cave in Mount Coressus," he answered, with modesty, but firmness; and the statement was followed by a confused murmur, which ran through the crowd at the lower end of the apartment.

"Do you live there? or have you found a treasure in the cave?" inquired the governor, astonished at the youth's dialect.

"I was put there last night with six other noble youths of Ephesus, by order of the emperor; and my name is Jamblichus," answered the accused. The governor smiled incredulously; but the public devotion of the age was impatient to exalt the saints and martyrs of a now triumphant church; the murmur in the crowd grew louder and more distinct. "A miracle—a miracle!" was called out, and repeated from mouth to mouth, till it quickly spread over the whole city. The aged primate, Memnon, followed by several bishops—for the

first synod was supposed to be still sitting—issued from his palace to see a living martyr. Rich Ephesians and merchants of the city crowded to the governor's residence, and it was hastily resolved to clear up the mystery by a visit to the cave.

Once more all Ephesus was collected in front of that rugged mountain—once more thousands of eyes strained themselves to discover aught but the same perpetual alternation of the rock and verdure, the same overflowing fountain, trickling peacefully down the hill side. It was with difficulty that the attendants of clerical pomp and civil power could force a way through the enthusiastic multitude. Hundreds threw themselves at the feet of Jamblichus, to kiss the hem of his garments, or to be sanctified by being trod upon; and the women wept for joy at the doors and windows of their domiciles.

The labour of tearing rocks and stones from their long resting places to men roused by the most powerful incentives of curiosity and superstition, was but that of a moment; and what had taken the Roman soldiery hours of toil to accomplish, was undone by the sinewy Christians in a few minutes. The chief men of Ephesus stood, within a most brief space of time, in the presence of the six young nobles of the reign of Decius. Their dress, their appearance, the long loss of a cavern sacred only to legendary lore, and now suddenly disclosed to them, and the deep faith of the age, ripe for any miracles vouchsafed in favour of the church, left no doubt as to the reality; but if there had been any, the sequence of events would have destroyed such at once, for, as if guided by a holy impulse, the youths arose, and advancing towards their brethren, blessed them in the name of the Almighty God and of his Son, their Saviour and Redeemer. The proud prelates knelt before youths of nearly two centuries of existence; and those on the rock joining in prayer, were seen by multitudes in the city below; and one loud "Hallelujah!" proclaimed the amazing discovery from the Cayster to Mount Prion, and seemed to rend the skies in twain. When the witnesses arose from prayer and benediction, the seven sleepers had sunk peacefully into eternal sleep.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the seven youths were thus taken away without giving the light of their experience upon the apparently simple question, as to the twofold nature—one person and two natures—of the son of God. It might not have been so acceptable to the Monophysite primate of Ephesus, or to Christians, who worshipped Mary as the mother of God, to have announced this fact, as it became afterwards to the primates of Rome, who also originally held the Monophysite, or one incarnate nature doctrine; but if the nature of our savior had, like the Trisagion, been thus miraculously revealed to the church, the scandal of the second synod, the martyrdom of Flavian, and the siege of the cathedral of Ephesus, might, perchance have been averted; and what disorders, burnings, pillages, and murders, might not have been spared to an early Christianity?

A hundred and seventy years after this miracle vouchsafed to the people of Ephesus, and the tradition of which exists in the writings of James of Sarug, or Barne, as recorded within half a century of its occurrence, the great leader of a new doctrine adopted the story into his koran, as having taken place in the land of the origin of Islamism, amid the rock dwellings of the Edomites, in the mysterious city of Idumea, the Petra of the Romans, and which is called by Abulieda, Ar-Rakim, the name used for the cave by Mohammed.

The Arab prophet has been reproached not only with thus adopting a Christian legend, but also with a want of taste and ingenuity in the choice of fabulous circumstances with which he has adorned the ancient tradition, when incorporating it into the holy book of the Moslems. Certainly the respect of the sun, who altered his course twice a day that he might not shine into the cavern, was more worthy of classic mythology than of a worship of the unity of the godhead; and the care of God himself, who preserved the bodies from putrefaction by turning them to right and left, is weak and puerile; but the picture of the watchful dog, however opposed to Ovid's idea of the cave of sleep, which no dog ever came near, is held as poetical by the high authority of Edmund Spenser:—

"And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye
Watching to banish care their enemy.
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe?"

The story of the Seven Sleepers has been adopted by all the nations who profess the Mohammedan religion, from Bengal to Africa: and by many Christian nations, the names of the Seven have been introduced into the calendars of the Greek and Roman churches. The author has visited another cave, to which the legend is attached. It is situated in a beautiful rocky glen, in the valley of the Cydnus, a few miles north of Tarsus, the former rival of Alexandria and Antioch, and the birth place of the apostle Paul. Another traveller, Col. Rawlinson, has also found the same tradition attached to the Persian ruins of Shahabad, formerly one of the great capitals of Susiana, and a Nestorian metropolis, and which is watered by some magnificent aqueducts, excavated at an immense depth in the solid rock.

If the universal belief, so easily yielded to this legend, has been ascribed to the genuine merit of the fable, so also the causes of its extensive propagation may be sought for in its inherent beauty. As it has been truly remarked, we imperceptibly advance from youth to age without observing the gradual but incessant changes of human affairs, so in our larger experience of history, notwithstanding the claims of some to a monopoly of philosophic views, the imagination of every person is accustomed to unite the events of distant epochs by some mental graduation. But if the interval between two remarkable eras, such as occurred between the fall of paganism and the establishment of the Christian religion, could be suddenly annihilated, the effects of a new state of things upon the eye of a spectator, who still retained a lively and recent impression of the old, would furnish materials for a fable which would possess permanent claims upon sympathies as far spreading as the human mind.

LIFE IN NEW MEXICO.

Some account of Mexican onions, potatoes, "Pass Brandy," and other vegetables! Also, a full account of molasses making.—*Reveille*.

SANTA FE, Oct. 30, 1846.

Mexican fare is not either so plentiful or so luxurious as ours in the States; nor do I see that the natives are very particular as to the regularity of their meals. In truth, their whole lives are what we would consider long courses of *low diet*—little else than bread and cakes of wheat or corn meal, a little meat, onions, and red peppers. Their onions merit an especial notice, as they seem to be the best production of the country. They are very large, and the flavour is much better than that of ours at home; so mild are they, that one can eat heartily of them even when fried, and feel no unpleasant heaviness thereafter. I have even been told by some of the youngsters that they have eaten them for dinner, and spent the afternoon in the society of the *Senoritas*, without perceiv-

* Two Syriac writers, quoted by Asseman in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, tom. i. p. 336, place the resurrection of the Seven Sleepers in A.D. 425, or 427.

† The temple was burnt by the Goths, in their third naval invasion of Lesser Asia, about A.D. 260.

ing that their presence under such circumstance was at all repulsive—as it would be, you know, with our *onions* in the States. The difference may have been in the *ladies*, but the boys insist that it was in the “*vegetable*.”

On the march here, I saw a number of potato plants growing wildly in the hills; but this vegetable is not at all cultivated by the Mexicans.

Some of the Mexican families who can afford it, have, at times, sugar, coffee and chocolate; and I have seen in some houses, *sassafras tea* made of the bark of *sassafras* roots brought from the States; but I have seen none of the celestial article, though it is perhaps used among them—in limited quantities.

Pardon me—I am wrong in regard to the onions—the grapes are their equal—in fact delicious. We had them brought from the valley of Taos, and also from “*Rio Abajo*,” which means down the Rio Grande, to our grazing camps in abundance in the early part of September. The wine of the country is, when pure, very pleasant to the taste, but is not very well or carefully made, and is not suffered to attain sufficient age. The brandy called here “*Pass Brandy*,” brought from points south of this, principally from El Passo, was to me a hot, and slightly pungent taste—though it improves the wine considerably to mix the two together.

Red pepper sauce, which is simply the peppers stewed,—or another dish, red peppers preserved in corn-stalk molasses,—do not go badly, when you get used to them; albeit, before you know exactly what they are, and dip a little too deeply into the dish, they prove somewhat calorific in the region of the thorax.

I have seen them making molasses, or rather preparing for it. I was at a house in a little valley about the 15th September, taking my dinner of tortillas, boiled mutton and pepper-sauce, when I noticed on the opposite side of the valley some objects apparently floating in the wind, like clothes on a line; but as there absolutely *was no wind*, I concluded that my impression could not be correct; so when I mounted again, I determined to solve the riddle. As I approached I found the objects to be four very pretty Mexican girls, and three very grave looking matrons, perched on the end of a long pine pole, about the size of the steering oar used on a flat-boat or raft on the Ohio river—and there they were, holding to a rail put up for the purpose, and *see-sawing* up and down, but with much more the air of persons at business than at play. The other end of the pole was secured to heavy posts in the ground, and at about one-quarter of the distance from the posts to the extreme end, and the outside *see-sawer*, there was a section of a hollow tree, about the size of a barrel, filled with pounded corn-stalks, out of which the ladies were squeezing (or *expressing* perhaps I ought to say) the juice, by their weight as they danced on the end of the pole. From this “*bee-gum*,” as a Missourian would call it, there trickled into a large trough a small stream of juice, and I observed numerous jars of the liquid standing round the yard, and under the portal of the house. The ladies riding on the pole presented at a little distance an amusing and ludicrous spectacle, as their *rebosas* floated round them while descending, and closed again while rising; and nothing, I presume, but the number of *Togas* worn by each—the fashion being, I am told, to wear sometimes a half dozen—prevented the exhibition from being something more than ludicrous, though perhaps it would not have been less entertaining.

Near this part of the establishment was another huge trough, into which the corn-stalks, stripped of all their blades, were thrown. Along one side of it were ranged some half-dozen men, each with a huge wooden maul, pounding the stalks in the trough. When pounded thus, the broken stalks are put into the “*bee-gum*,” and squeezed by the ladies. On the opposite side of the trough from the men, I observed a number of fragments of stalks which had been thrown out by their maids—a little fellow took up a broom and began to sweep them to one end of it. “*Ah, cleanly here*,” thought I; and I began to calculate the probability of overtaking my train the next day if I should remain over night. But when the little fellow got the fragments, pretty well seasoned with dirt, all in a pile, he gathered up the whole and threw it into the trough! I might still have stood it, but the yard unfortunately had been used but a short time before as a *sheep-pen*, and I was afraid that molasses at that house might, perhaps, taste of *wool*.

The juice, expressed thus from the corn stalks, is boiled to the proper consistency in earthen pots. Sometimes it is made into molasses—sometimes into sugar. The granulations of the sugar are very minute, and the substance hard and cohesive. They cast it into masses similar to the white loaves of our loaf sugar in the States. When wanted for use, it is shaved down into a sand-like powder with a knife.

While I stood leaning on the fence, looking alternately at the men pounding and the women dancing on the pole, one of the females of the house brought me out a “*tortilla*”—a large, thin cake, about the measurement superficially of a Dutch oven lid—but I declined, on account of having just taken dinner, and remarked, with the horrible design of being humorous in such a place, that I was only diverting myself by looking at the *fandango*, (pointing to the women on the pole), and then indicated that the strapping fellows pounding the corn-stalks—some of whom were entirely guiltless of shirts—were the *musicians*! All this was done in desperate Spanish but the old lady understood me, and laughed as if she never had heard a joke before, or expected to hear another—upon which the whole concern stopped operations, to ascertain what *El Caballero* had said so dangerously funny! No sooner was the jest repeated, than the whole yard was in a roar—the women took an extra leap upwards, lighting down again on the end of the pole, and one of the men threw down his maul, leaped over the trough, and coming up to me, assured me, by words and signs, that he was a first rate fiddler—in *musica*—and if I would spend the night with them we would have a *fandango* hard to beat—provided I would pay him a dollar for playing! I left.

Truly yours, JOHN BROWN.

THE WOFULLY WEDDED.

BY MARY HOWIT.

A few summers ago we were travelling in the north of England, and made a chance sojourn for a couple of days in that part of Westmoreland which borders on Yorkshire. This is one of those districts in which primitive habits and feelings exist in greater purity than may reasonably be expected in those parts of England where the intercourse of strangers is of daily occurrence, and large towns, and a wealthy population have introduced new fashions and new manners.

The hospitality of the people here, who were mostly small farmers, cultivating their own land, was unbounded, and our popularity among them extreme, because they found us willing to be pleased by their friendly attentions and interested in their simple concerns.

Many were the histories that were told to us; old fireside traditions, and events of a later date, which had occurred between themselves. One little history that was told was of an unhappy marriage, the simple, touching details of which were extremely affecting. The narrator was a middle-aged woman,

half-sister to the poor young wife. I will not attempt to give the story in the dialect of the dales, interesting and picturesque as that dialect is, and curious as it is, too, from retaining such unmistakable traces of its northern origin; but, though I will drop the dialect, I will still retain her own simple phraseology, and style of narration.

There hung in the little parlour of the farm-house where we then were a sampler, framed and glazed, and worked in blue silk. The last words upon it were, “*Agnes Satterwaite, aged 14, her work.*”

I read these words, and enquired from our kind country hostess if this were her own work. She dusted the old oak table that stood by the wall with her apron, and for a second or two made no reply.

“*It is very neatly done*,” said I, still looking at the sampler.

“*You may well say so*,” replied she at length. “*Poor Agnes! nobody in all the dale could work like her!*”

“*Was she your sister?—or your daughter, perhaps?*” said I, seeing the sorrowful expression of her countenance.

“*In some sort she was both*,” said the good woman. “*Poor thing! she was a very bonny and a very light-hearted lass when she did that. It is a brave thing that young folks know nothing of the trouble they are born to, or how could they be merry before the dark time has come!*”

“*Was she crossed in love, then?*” asked I.

“*Yes, that was she; sorely crossed in love, and broken in heart, too. Many is the woman that a tyrant of a husband is the death of, and yet there’s no law against it; no law in all this law-making country for the poor wife against the husband. Endure she must: that is all the remedy. And all the time that she is wearing away with his hard usage he is a mighty respectable man in this world’s eye. Warden of his church, maybe, or overseer of the poor; pays he way like an honest man; and, when he dies, has a fine epitaph on his gravestone, setting forth his virtues, and yet, for all that, he may have been a black-hearted tyrant all his days, wringing out his poor wife’s heart’s blood drop by drop, and filling that bosom with fear and despair which he has vowed before God to love and cherish! Woe’s me! and what has a poor woman to do that is tied to such a man?—why, nothing but die,—die, as my poor Agnes did. But, sit you down, and I’ll tell you all, for my heart’s full, as it always is when I think on poor Agnes and her troubles; and it will do me good to talk. Sit you down, and I’ll begin at the very beginning.*”

“*Why, you see*,” continued she, “*I was twenty years older than Agnes poor child! She was my half-sister; for my father married again when I was nearly a woman grown. He was a handsome man was my father, and had a pretty little property of his own and I was his only child. But, poor dear man! although he had managed with a hired housekeeper a matter of ten years, just at the very time that I was grown up, and would have taken the management of all upon myself, what must he do but marry. She was not so many years older than I, my new stepmother, a fine, young strapping lass, with four hundred pounds to her fortune, and a very comfortable home with us, for she and I were more like two sisters than stepmother and daughter. But, poor thing! her time was short with us, for she died just twelve months after she was married, and left a little girl behind her, and that was my poor Agnes. Well, you see, the poor motherless child was thrown upon my hands from its very birth, and the last words that the dying mother said were, ‘God bless you! and be a mother to the child!’*”

“*There needed no promise on my part, for the child was as dear to me as if it had been my own, and yet I went down upon my bended knees, as she wished and promised before Heaven to be a mother to it—and so I was. It lay in my arms all night, and never was out of my sight all day. My father did not seem at first to feel much, and yet after her death he never was the man that he had been. He grew very still, and walked with a slow step like an old man; and his hair got greyer and greyer every day. He left off going to wakes and merry-makings; and never stooped to drink with his old friends at the market, as he had used to do; and yet he said nothing about his trouble to anybody; but I could see that he was sorely cut down, for she was a very bonny woman, and had made him, though she was so much younger than him, a very good wife.*”

“*I might have been married myself over and over again; but I kept myself single many a year for the child’s sake; and when at last I married our Michael, father and she came here with me, and we all lived together like one family. Michael was very fond of the old man, and Agnes was now grown a little lass, as lovely as a lily in June. She went to school at Sedborough; and there it was that she worked yon sampler. Every thing that she did was well done. She had more sense than most people, and a way of doing things like nobody else. The parson of Sedborough himself would have had her when she was but sixteen; but ‘No,’ said she, ‘I will not marry any man yet awhile; I will not tie myself to sorrow so soon!’*”

“*Good would it have been if she had always kept in that mind; but it was her fate, I reckon; and what is a body’s fate there’s no fleeing from. Well, our Michael had a nephew, a matter of three years older than she; and he was at Lancaster, with a bookseller there, who was a cousin of his mother’s. A fine, well-grown, free-spoken lad was Christopher Benson,—Christy, as we always called him; and, though he was dale-born and bred, he had the manners of a true gentleman. He was a great favourite among the lassies, let him go wherever he would; and there was more than one lady in Lancaster in love with him. But it all mattered nothing to him: his fancy had taken its direction, and that was the reason that he used to come here to see us, and stop a week or two at a time, for we were all fond of him. Agnes and he had been children together; and it always run in my mind that they were meant for each other. She was very fond of him; but for some time there was more love on his side than on her’s, for he loved her as his own life. A fine young man he was; and there was something very off-hand and determined about him: a little too hot tempered, perhaps, he was; but we are none of us perfect. However, before he was of age he let us know what his errand was, and Agnes made no hesitation in accepting him; but one thing she stuck to, she would not be married till she was one-and-twenty. It was soon known that Agnes and Christy were to be married; but for all that she had other lovers in plenty, but she was steadfast: Christy was the man she had chosen, only he must wait his time.*”

“*Our old father, as I said before, gave up the farm when I was married, and came and lived with us; and, though he had let the farm to a good tenant, who paid the rent to the day, yet he was so pleased with Christy that he said that he should have the farm any time when they could make up their minds to marry. It was a good offer that he made them, for there was not a better home-stand in all the dale than that, and the pasture land was like a flower-garden. Agnes liked the thoughts of living in the dale among all those whom she had known and loved from childhood; but Christy, though he was ready enough to be married, had no fancy for farming, or a country life. He was fonder of the town; and that was no more than one might expect in such a young fellow as he; and, but for the sake of our Agnes, he would not have set foot on the dale*

from one year's end to another. And, besides this, he had gone to London on some book-selling business, and nothing would do now but he must go and live in London. This was a thing we were none of us prepared for; so you may fancy what a surprise it was when one day he comes all suddenly. He was, he told us, just about going into partnership in a book-selling concern in London, and he now wanted Agnes to marry out-and-out at once, that he might have her in London with him, and so begin business and housekeeping together. This was a thing nobody had thought of. Agnes was now twenty; and, though she might have been persuaded to go as far off as Lancaster, she would not make up her mind to his going to London. But Christy was resolute.—go to London he would. Michael and the old man asked what his cousin, who had been like a father to him in Lancaster, said to this scheme of taking this London concern; and then it came out—for Christy was not the man to deceive anybody,—that his cousin did not much like the scheme, and would not raise any money for him; but he had a friend, he said, in London, who would do that, and Agnes would have five hundred pound to her fortune,—that he knew as well as we did; and, somehow, her father thought that he wanted her to marry to get hold of this money, and so he set his face against it, and said though he would have willingly given them the farm any day they would be married and live in the dale, he never would consent to her going to London, where it was a chance if Christy did not lose every penny he or she was worth; and so he might do as he would. Christy was sorely hurt at this, and he appealed to Agnes.

"You know my mind, Christy," says she, "I mean not to be married before I am one-and-twenty. I am now but nineteen. If you must e'en go to London, go. In two years time you will have tried what London is. Maybe in two years you will not care to marry a simple girl out of the dales; but, however, I shall be true to you. I tell you truly London is not a place I should like to live in. There is a deal of wickedness and misery in London: it's a great place; and what would the folks there care about us? Think of that, Christy. Here everybody loves us, and knows us: they are all here like one family."

"Christy laughed at all this. London was the place, he said, to make money in; and to London he would go. Somehow or other I took Christy's part, and sorely angry were our Michael and my father that I did so; and, as to Agnes, I shall never forget her words.

"Nay, said she, and she cried while she said it, 'do not take Christy's part against me. I know not why, but I have a sore heart when I think of my own wedding.'

"In a week or two Christy came again, and this time, with a very bright countenance; his cousin in Lancaster had begun to take a different view of the London scheme, and would lend him five hundred pounds at a low rate of interest to begin business on. He could talk about nothing but the nice house, all full of good furniture, that he should have, and now appealed to me to take his part, and persuade Agnes to have him that autumn. But it was not for me to do any thing; our Michael and the old man was as resolute against London as ever; and her father had made Agnes promise him that she would not marry till the two years were out; and by that time, at all events, the London scheme might have had a fair trial. It was not such a very unreasonable thing. I must say, and so Agnes thought, and that made her more determined.

"There are times when a light word breeds mischief, and a mere joke turns into sorrowful earnest. So was it now. Agnes said that if Christy would not wait her time, he might marry somebody else, and welcome. With this Christy's blood was up. He was unusually testy and short-tempered at this time, so many men are when their wishes are crossed; and so, from little it grew to more, and they parted with cold words on either side.

"Christy left us and went to London, and we heard nothing of him. He had been gone two or three weeks, when one day there comes to the house a dumb woman who told fortunes, and Agnes said, quite in joke, that she would have her fortune told, to see whether, after all, she would be married to Christy Benson. The dumb wife looked at her with such a queer look, and then laughed, and then asked for a teaboard, as such folks always do, that she might write the name of the man she was to marry with white chalk. The tea-board was covered with a handkerchief, and under this the dumb woman wrote, looking all the time at Agnes. When she had done, and the handkerchief was taken off, what name, think you, should be written there but Thomas Kirkenshaw! As soon as Agnes said the name she turned as white as a sheet, for Thomas Kirken was a man twice her own age,—a proud, hard-hearted man, the greatest tyrant in all Bardale. He had offered her marriage a twelvemonth before. Poor thing! when she saw this name she said not a word, but looking as if she was ready to drop, gave the dumb wife sixpence, and opened the door for her to go out of the house.

"Nothing shall ever make me believe but this was all Thomas Kirkenshaw's own doing; for it soon got out among the neighbors that there had been words between Agnes and Christy, and that maybe it was now all over between them; and this Thomas Kirkenshaw was a man that would stick at nothing! Lord have mercy on us!—folks said that he was the death of his own mother, but in such a way as the law could not touch him; and I believe it, for sure enough he was the death of our Agnes!"

"Did she then marry him?" exclaimed I.

"She did, more was the pity," said Mrs. Swailes, "but not till four years after then. Well! well! This Mr. Kirkenshaw, you must know, was a man of substance; he had two farms of his own, and a right bonny homestead, that was where he lived; people called him a respectable man—a very respectable man—for he had always money in the bank; and though he gave nothing away, he always paid his debts to a penny. He was a churchwarden and overseer of the poor—but that is what money will do for a man! Thomas Kirkenshaw was a hard man, with a heart like the nether millstone; he had a proud, cold way of his own, that set down a poor body at once, as much as if he had said, 'it's no manner of use for you to talk to me!' And then, what always vexed me worst of all, was, that he was one of those men who always look down upon women as their slaves and tools! He would not have thought any woman too good to black his shoes for him! Wo's me that he ever darkened our doors!"

"Well, Christy took it sadly to heart that Agnes would not be married. We saw nothing of him for twelvemonths, but we had heard of him in the meantime. Whether it was that he had grown reckless after the words that passed between him and Agnes, or whether he had not strength to resist the temptations of London, I know not—nor, justly, how it was altogether—but this is sure, that he was not steady; and the man he went into partnership in London with and he quarrelled. He paid back the five hundred pounds to his kind cousin in Lancaster, and sent word to him that he was going off to America.

"This news hurt us all very much, and hardly had we received it when one day we were surprised by a visit from Christy himself. It was now twelve months since we had seen him, and he was very much changed in that time.

He was very well dressed, and looked very handsome, but there was a worldly half libertine look about him—so different to what he had been! Never shall I forget Agnes when she first set eyes on him, for the first glance at his face, shewed her what a change there was in him, and that they were now parted forever. His cousin in Lancaster had borne testimony to his upright behaviour in money matters. There was nothing against him in that way; and when our Michael and father saw him at first, they thought that he was now come back to make all straight, and to consent to live on the farm, and so they were civil enough to him. But there was a deal for them yet to learn in Christy. Heaven knows what justly was his motive in coming to us; if it were first and foremost to make all up with Agnes, he took a strange way of doing so. It might be that he was piqued by her manner, for she seemed to avoid him. However, all might have been right, according to my thinking, if he had only gone the right way about it. But, instead of that, when he saw that Agnes avoided him, what does he do, but takes no notice of her, no more than if she had been nobody; and worse than that he never let pass any opportunity of talking slightly of women, and boasted of the favor he had been in with them in London. He had got free thinking notions, too, in religion, and had grown a great radical in politics, and seemed to have a pleasure in saying things that shocked everybody. This was very displeasing to our Michael, and even to me, and so we both of us told him; and then he carried all off with a reckless, swaggering air, as made even me think that perhaps Agnes had done well not to have made matters up with him. But I was maybe wrong. He stayed three days with us. The last day he was very still, and looked unhappy, and in the evening he asked Agnes to take a walk with him. 'The last walk we may ever take together,' said he. I was coming into the house as he said these words. There was something very particular in the tone—it was just as he used to speak. 'That is the true Christy that is speaking now,' said I to myself, 'and there's grace in him yet!' I felt so pleased I cannot tell; it seemed to me as if a great load was taken from off my heart, and I thought sure enough that now all would be right and straight, and just as it used to be.

"It was a moon-shiny night, and I went up into my room on pretence of looking for some yarn, just to see how they went on. For I was very fond of Christy, and nothing could have pleased me better than to have received him this night as the forgiven prodigal son. Backwards and forwards they walked in the garden, and then they went and sate them down in the arbour. 'It's all right,' said I, and I felt so lightsome, and came down stairs thinking what was the very nicest thing I could get that night for supper. When I got down stairs I saw the old man sitting on the settle by the fire, and looking vexed.

"What's amiss, father?" says I, for I felt as if I could bear everybody's troubles.

"I hope now," said he, "that she is not going to make all up with that castaway!"

"Why not, father?" said I, shocked at his words, so different to my own state of feelings; "you may depend upon it there is a deal of good in Christy after all."

"He is a good-for-nothing!" said he, striking his stick violently against the floor—and by that I knew that he was in a great passion—"a libertine and infidel, and I do not like his talk a bit!"

"Father," said I, wishing to satisfy him, "depend upon it, Christy has made himself out worse than he is. He has had a sad heart all this time—for all his talk, and I am sorry for him."

"I'll tell you what Alice," says he, "the man that could not keep himself right for love, will never be tied by matrimony, and so I'll never give my consent, and that's the long and short of it."

"There might be some truth in what the old man said, but for all that I was just then in the humor to forget and forgive. I was sure that he loved Agnes still, and though I saw plain enough that father was very angry, I still put in a word for Christy. But I could make no impression, and all I could get him to say was, that he had seen the cloven foot, and that was enough for him.

"In many respects Agnes took after her father. She had very strict notions both in religion and morality, and Christy's foolish way of talking had displeased her sadly. After that, it was too late to undo what was done. But what really passed between them on that evening I never knew, only when they came into the house it was plain enough to see that all was up between them. Agnes first of all came in: she looked very pale and sad, and I could see that she had been crying; she took up her candlestick, and wished us all good night. The father looked at her and said nothing, but he was satisfied that all was as he wished. In about a quarter of an hour Christy came in: he looked, I thought, flurried and distressed, but nobody else thought so. He held himself very stiff, and said, in a cold voice, that he was going away that night; that the ship in which he was going sailed next day. Nobody asked him to stop. I could not even say a kind word to him, there was something so repulsive in his manner. He had cased himself up in his pride, and he seemed as if he would shew us all that it was he who cast us off. God knows who amongst us was wrong! I have had misgivings in my own mind that it was us; and if it were so, a heavy punishment came in good time. Well, Christy, as he said, sailed the next day from Liverpool for America: he fell in with a merchant on shipboard from Boston; he entered into his service, and in a few years was a well doing man on his own account. He married a relation of the merchant that he was with; and from this I think, as I always thought, that there was a deal of good about him! Ah, it was a sad thing altogether; and if wrong was done, we were severely punished, and most of all was she punished, poor young thing, who meant so honestly to do right! But we are, all of us, poor, short-sighted creatures, who ought never to lose sight of two things—not to put temptation in one another's way; and when we have done so, to keep a little bit of charity alive in our hearts towards them.

"The old man, as I said, took against Christy, and our Michael thought that Agnes had done quite right. As for me I never mentioned his name—I thought that was the best way; and I tried to be cheerful, and would have asked company now and then, and gone out with Agnes more than ever if she would. But she preferred stopping at home. She was naturally very still, and kept all her feelings to herself; but it was plain to me that she was sadly cut down, and if I were to say that she never laughed after that day, I should not tell a falsehood. But for all that, she was the same kind, considerate creature for others that she had ever been; she heard the children their lessons and waited on her old father just as ever; and he, poor old man, did not seem to think that he could do enough for her.

"But to make a long story short, Christy had not been gone long before our Michael brought word from market how civil Mr. Kirkenshaw had been to him. Some of the cattle were ill, and he sent over a famous cowleech, and then he came himself and brought the old man all the news of the country round. He

would sit for hours talking to him, while Agnes, who seemed to take but little notice of anything, sat at her work beside the window. Thomas Kirkenshaw was a tall precise man who dressed as plain as a Quaker. Mighty particular was he about all his things; his gaiters never were splashed, nor was there a speck upon his prim cravat. He had, as I said, a pretty property of his own, a well-furnished house and large garden; he kept a woman servant at good wages, and had a horse and gig, and plenty to do with in every way. There was only one thing against him—and that was himself! It was his canting, hypocritical self that spoiled all that was Thomas Kirkenshaw's!

"I never liked him. He was a religious-talking man. To have heard him, you would have thought that he had studied at Oxford or Cambridge, but for all that, to my thinking, there was not a savour of grace in any of his words. Somehow or other, however, he got on the blind side of the old man and our Michael, and with them it was Thomas Kirkenshaw this and Thomas Kirkenshaw that, and Thomas Kirkenshaw everything!—and at last, what must father say, but that it would be a rare thing if Thomas Kirkenshaw would marry our Agnes!"

"I was setting on a stocking as he said these words; but I let go my count, and, 'Father,' says I, 'are you in your right senses to say such a thing?'"

"Ay, lass," said he; "nothing would please me better than to see our Agnes wed such a respectable man as Thomas Kirkenshaw."

"I was quite vexed to hear him say so; and all the more because our Michael said, in his quiet way, that he thought she might go farther, and fare worse."

"What! and have you two been laying your heads together to play into the hands of a black-hearted, hypocritical villain like Thomas Kirkenshaw?" said I, quite in a passion. "I could not have thought it of you. Young, and lovely, and good as she is, to give her into the power of a child of Satan like Thomas Kirkenshaw!"

"It is not for you to talk in this way, Alice," says father, knocking his stick upon the house-floor, as he always did when he was put out; "you, that took part with a reprobate like Christy Benson. Hold your tongue, Alice, for I've made up my mind; Agnes is my daughter, and I wish her no better than to wed Thomas Kirkenshaw."

"The first and last real quarrel that ever father and I had was that night, and all about Thomas Kirkenshaw; and the hardest words that ever passed between our Michael and me were on the same subject. No wonder that I hated the very swing of his coat-tails."

"Well! Agnes had already refused him twice; but, for all that the cunning old fox knew that he had friends in our house; so he got a new suit of clothes, pepper and salt, made by the first tailor in Kendal, with a pair of short, black gaiters, and comes driving here on a Christmas Eve, in his new gig, with a fine great-coat hanging over the back, with a matter of a dozen capes to it. The very sight of him gave me a turn, and I walked up stairs, out of his way; for, I thought, maybe he is only come for a call on the men-folks. But, no—no! Thomas was come, in all his new finery, to make matters sure. He put up his horse in the stable, and drew the gig under the cart-house, just as if he had been at home, and then went in and seated himself upon the settle close beside the old man. It was Christmas Eve, and cold weather, so I was forced after awhile to come down stairs, and there I found them all three sitting as snug as could be. Our Michael, when he saw me come in, looked a little bit ashamed of himself; but not so Thomas! Up he got, smiling, and held out his hand to shake mine; but I pretended not to see it. With that, not a bit abashed, he sets me a chair, and says he, as civil as could be,

"Come into the circle, Mrs. Swales: we'll make room for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Kirkenshaw!" said I coldly, speaking out the Mr. as plain as could be, that he might see that I was not friends with him; "I can take care of myself!" and with that I seated myself in another chair which I brought in, thinking to myself that I would join the circle, and that maybe by so doing I should spoil all their plotting and scheming. But they had been too deep for me. They had had it all their own way while I was upstairs, and so had got their business done, and father had told him that he meant to give Agnes five hundred pounds down on her wedding-day,—which was a good lump of money,—and promised him his good word, and so had our Michael. So, as I was come down among them, they talked of nothing but fairs, and cattle, and their own business; and I, thinking that I was, perhaps, mistaken, and there might, after all, be nothing in the wind, got tea, and was civil to Thomas. Agnes, poor thing! was out of the way; she was gone to spend the night at a neighbour's, and our Michael was to go and fetch her home in the tax-cart, at nine o'clock. So at half-past eight I told him he should be getting ready; and, with that, up got Thomas Kirkenshaw, and went out with him. I thought that he was going, and so I said, quite civilly, "Good night, Thomas Kirkenshaw."

"I shall see you again, neighbour," says he, and went out.

"I was vexed that he was coming back, and thought that he was only gone out with our Michael to help him with the tax-cart; and you may, therefore, think how angry I was not to see him, but our Michael came in again."

"Thomas has taken his gig to fetch her home," says he, as if he were half ashamed of himself; "it's so much better riding in a gig than in a tax-cart."

"I saw how it was at once, and I never was so angry before."

"I tell you what," said I, taking up a candle, for I thought I'd go to bed, and leave them to it,—I tell you what, Michael, it would be a deal better to go through life on a tumble-cart than in a coach-and-six with Thomas Kirkenshaw."

"Next morning, at breakfast, Agnes looked very serious; and says she to our Michael, 'Why did you send him to fetch me home last night? If I had known of that beforehand, I would not have gone at all!'"

"Father talked to her, and so did our Michael; and, if I were to go on from now till night I could not tell half that was done to bring about her marriage with Thomas Kirkenshaw. The times that she said over and over again that she could not abide him, and that even to his face; and it's my opinion that it never would have been brought about at all if it had not been for Christy Benson's own letter from America, which his uncle in Lancaster sent over for us to read, which gave an account of his marriage, and what great things he was doing; and after that she did not seem to care what became of her."

"And so, the end of it was that she married. It was on Midsummer Day that she was married,—a sunshiny, lovely day,—and yet it was more like a burying than a wedding. I never was so cut down in my life as when I saw her go off with him. Father said nothing; but our Michael stuck to it that it would turn out a good day's work for her. But, woe's me! men always think of the land and the money; and our Michael never thought that anything could be wrong where there was plenty of these, and he took it for a good sign that

Thomas made such a fine wedding. But this was how it was. Thomas loved his own self; and it was just for his own pleasure that he came in a post-chaise quite grand all the way from Kendal, and drove off in it from the church-door. To be sure, Michael was hurt that he would not come and eat any of the handsome dinner that we had cooked, and which we could never eat ourselves; but he did not say much.

"Yes, the beginning and the end were alike, and so father and Michael soon found out; but then it was too late."

"Well, they stopped at Kendal to dine; and he never so much as handed her out of the chaise, but walked into the house, with his head on one side, as was his way, and left her to follow as she could. She could not eat any dinner, poor thing!"

"Oh! Thomas," said she, "you might have given me your hand as I got out of the chaise! My poor old father would not have left me in that way."

"Thomas was eating his dinner as coolly as could be."

"Maybe not," says he; "but I'm beginning as I mean to go on; and I am sorry if my ways do not please you!"

"Thomas meant now to punish Agnes for the slight she had so often put on him. He was a man that despised women; and so, as he said, he was beginning as he meant to go on. It was a bad beginning. Nor was that the only speech that cut her to the heart on her wedding-day."

"They reached home in the evening; and, as days were long, and it was quite light, she went into the rooms to take a look round her. There was a picture of a young woman, in a close cap, hanging over the parlour mantel-piece."

"And, pray you, Thomas, who may this be?" said she; "for it is a sweet face."

"Ay," said he, "You may well say so. And I better love that woman's little finger than all the rest of the women in the world."

"That is not a kind word to say to me, Thomas, fair though she be," said she, with a heart well-nigh broken, "seeing that I have been your wife but so few hours."

"Truth may as well be out," says he; "and you must make your best of it."

"Thomas thought that she loved Christy Benson far better than she loved him, and so he meant to revenge himself on her. Ah! he was a miserable, precise body, with a black, venomous heart in him; and under pretence of keeping up man's prerogative,—that was the word always in his mouth,—he made his poor wife's life worse than that of a gin-horse."

"He knew, and well enough, too, that I liked neither him nor his ways, and that I had done all in my power to keep him from wedding Agnes; and, therefore, they had not been man and wife two months before he let me know that his wife had enough to do in looking after his concerns without my company."

"Agnes was naturally very gentle; and this treatment cut her down sadly; and she had no spirit to stand up for herself, and a weary time she had with him. None of her old friends went near her, and she never said a word to any soul of what she endured; but everybody who looked at her could see that her peace in this world was gone for ever."

"Well, at last I could bear it no longer; and, as I had heard that she had been poorly for some time, I set off one Wednesday morning with our Ben and the mare, and rode behind him to Kendal, and from there took a car to the next town, which was only four miles from her home, and that four miles I walked; for I did not wish to take anybody with me,—not even a car-driver,—for I did not know how my visit might turn out. Agnes, poor thing! had now been married getting on for two years. It was the end of May and the hedges were all like a posy with hawthorn, and the birds were singing like mad. Little flowers, all yellow and blue, were growing thick upon the banks by the roadside; and shining beetles, and cow-ladies, and butterflies, were enjoying themselves in the sunshine. 'Lord!' said I to myself, 'how can a man be bad enough to ill use a woman in a beautiful world like this! What a paradise it would be if pride and cold-hearted villainy did not mar it!' I never, in all my days, saw such a sweet country as that was! The fields were so green, and the cattle lay chewing their cud in the sunshine, as did one's heart good to see it. In the midst of the fields, and standing by the roadside, was a very pretty place. I came up to it, and stood for a minute just to admire it. I thought that I was, maybe, half a mile from Thomas Kirkenshaw's. A very pretty place it was, with white pales in front, all in good order, and a green porch and window-shutters, and nice white-fringed blinds in the windows. Just as I was standing looking over the little white gate at the end of a nice gravel walk, with a box-edging, that led to the house, a little child came past with a flock of geese."

"Pray ye, my child, must I go straight on to Thomas Kirkenshaw's?" for, as I had never been there, I did not rightly know whether the road turned off."

"Mr. Kirkenshaw!" said the child, "why, he lives here. This is his garden-gate."

"It gave me quite a turn; and I stood looking at the house and the green fields round it, and thought again what a nice place it was; and, somehow, I could not at all once make up my mind to go up to the door, for I did not know how he would take my visit. Maybe he would not let me cross his door-sill, for he had said as much more than once."

"I had not stood long, however, before I saw a woman come walking slowly up the garden, with a large shawl over her head; the next minute she turned round, and saw me."

"Oh, Lord! is that you, sister?" said she, in a thin, weakly voice; and I then knew that it was my poor Agnes."

"Lord have mercy on us!" I cried out; but I did not say what was in my mind, for she was sorely changed, and looking more like a woman of forty than one not four-and-twenty."

"How are you, Agnes, dear?" said I, "for you look but badly."

"She made me no direct answer; but opened the garden gate."

"He's not at home," said she; "he's gone a long journey; so come in, for I have a deal to say to you!" and with that she caught hold of my arm; and when I looked at her she was fainting. I set her down on a garden seat that was just by, and, as I had my smelling-salts in my pocket, she soon came to."

"She took me into a pretty parlour, with papered walls, and a good carpet on the floor, and plenty of mahogany furniture in it; and there, poor thing! she kissed me, and cried,—she was so glad to see me! She then took me upstairs into their bedroom; where was a four-post bed, with moreen hangings, and all carpeted, and like a lord's house,—for he loved to make himself comfortable; and there, poor thing! she told me such a tale of his tyranny, and his cold-hearted 'man's prerogative,' as quite curdled my blood, and made me take no more pleasure in all his fine furniture, and things."

"I saw that she was not long for this world, and my first thought was to take her back with me; but I know not if I should have dared to do so but for her own self."

"I know," said she, "that my days are numbered, and I pray God that it may be so, for I've no pleasure in life; and if it be consistent with His will, I would wish never to see Thomas's face again in this world. I could die at peace with him while he is away—but oh! the very sound of his footsteps sends a chill to my heart! I ought never to have married him, sister! I know very well that it is wicked in me to have such thoughts towards the man that I have promised before God's altar to love and obey, and this makes my sorrow all the greater—but I had no business to marry him, for I never loved him, as a wife should—God forgive me!"

"And then she went down upon her knees before the large arm-chair, and with her thin hands clasped together, and the tears running down her pale face, she prayed for a matter of five minutes—but for what, I never knew; that was all between God and her own soul."

"Sister," said she, after she had calmed herself, and we had some seed cake and coffee together, "you must take me back with you. You must take me home—for this is no home to me, never has been, never can be! You cannot refuse me this; I know that I have not long to live, and I think that God has sent you to me at this time for this purpose!"

"And so think I!" said I, "and please God you shall never set foot again in this house, for all its fine flounced window-curtains and its carpeted floors!"

"I need not tell you the history of our journey, nor how father and Michael were almost beside themselves when they saw what a poor death stricken creature she was, and we had never heard anything about it: for he would not let her write, and it was all by a mere chance that we heard of her being ill. My heart was nearly broken to see her come back in that fashion, she that I had nursed upon my knee, and carried in my bosom, and loved like my own child."

"I laid her on the best bed in the house, and made her chamber as high some and pleasant as I could. I set her a small glass of cowslips and another of garden-flowers upon the dressing table, for I knew she was fond of flowers; and whatever I thought she could fancy, I made for her—but she had no more appetite than a bird."

"Sister," said she, two or three days after she had come to us, "may the Lord bless you for all your kindness to me! I have just one thing now to beg of you—do not let Thomas come near me! I have forgiven him what's past and I can die at peace with him, but oh! I cannot see him again! It's wrong I know, for a wife to take against her own husband; and oh, as regards marrying him, I did very wrong!—but I thought that he was a religious man, and that I should have found peace and comfort under his roof! Religion is a spirit of love and forbearance, and is full of pity, and kindness, and humility! Thomas is not a religious man—but for all that he is my husband, and with my last breath will I pray for him; and as I hope for forgiveness from God for all my wrong-doings and my pride, and my hard heartedness, and my want of forbearance to others so do I forgive him!—but I cannot see him! Promise me this, sister—promise that you will keep him from my bedside if he should come—but I think that even he cannot have the heart to trouble my dying-bed!"

"I knew not justly what to do, nor what was right in such a case; but however, I promised her, and all the more because the doctor said that she would not last long, and that any sudden excitement might be the death of her; and the minister too, he took her part when he came to pray with her; and my hope was, that Thomas would not come near us. However, I was wrong in that, for in less than a week, as I was sitting by her bedside, thinking that she might be going almost any minute, she starts up in her bed, and 'who is that!' she said."

"I thought she was delirious, for I heard nothing."

"It is *he*!" said she, and fell back upon her pillow, and a cold shudder passed over her."

"It was not long before Michael came up and tapped at the door."

"Now, do not let him in, I pray you," says she."

"It's only our Michael!" said I and went out."

"Here's Thomas Kirkenshaw," said Michael, "what must I do? for he is fit to take the house-side out, he is so angry, and he will not believe that she is so badly."

"Go down to him the brute!" said I, but in a low voice, that she might not hear, "and pray you keep him quiet, and tell him for me, that if he will wait till to-morrow, he will maybe see her a corpse—she is as badly as that! tell him."

"When I went back into the room, there was the poor thing sitting up in bed all in a cold sweat and a shivering fit. She had heard every word we said and one fainting fit after another took her, and all the time I could hear Thomas's voice growing down in the house-place; and it was all that Michael and father could do to keep him down stairs."

"When the shivering and fainting had left her, I could only keep life in her with brandy and water, and every now and then the cough seized her, and sore. I thought she would have died. In the evening she grew easier, and I thought that she dozed a little, for she lay quite still; and then, in the dusk hour, she called me to her bedside: I shall never forget the angelic look of her face at that time."

"Sister," said she, "there are seasons when a great deal is learned in a short time, and I now see things differently to what I did. It is, I believe my duty to see Thomas—a hard duty, but which I will not shrink from; and I feel that God will give me strength to go through my trial, blessed be his name! You may tell my husband that I would bid him farewell before we part in this world for ever!"

"How those words of hers went to my heart! I saw that she was right, and I kissed her and told her so."

"She asked me to stay with her, and I promised that I would; and then I went down stairs and fetched him up."

"He stood beside the bed, and hastily pulling aside the curtain, asked her how she dared leave his house."

"Thomas," returned she, looking calmly at him, "do not make my last hour a bitter one! I would fain part in peace and here's my hand in token of it! Fare-you-well, Thomas, and forgive me all my faults and all my shortcomings, for I can see well enough now, that we are poor imperfect creatures, and as I freely forgive you, so may God have mercy on my soul!"

"As she said these words, I saw her head falling backwards. I stood on the other side of the bed, and I put my arm round her to support her, and she laid her head upon my bosom. These were her last words. In less than five minutes her spirit had departed from this world."

"Thomas had taken the hand which she held out to him, and he kept it in his till she was dead—but he said not one word. It was too much even for him, and with his other hand he took out his blue cotton handkerchief and wiped away a

tear or two; and that was no more than any one might expect, for it was a very affecting death bed, and people say that it was not without its effect even on him. But of that I can say nothing from my own knowledge, for we had none of us anything to do with him after the funeral."

"She lies, poor thing, in the dale-church, just beside her own young mother; and it is somewhat remarkable that they were, within one week, each other's age, and, within a few days, also was she buried just two years after her own marriage."

"Her death cut us all up sadly; and I cannot say that it did me any good when, three months afterwards, Thomas Kirkenshaw put up on her grave a fine head stone that cost a deal of money, on which he called her 'his beloved wife,' and himself 'a sorrowing husband.'"

"Such was the history of poor Agnes Satterthwaite, a dale-beauty and heiress, a history which affected me greatly when I heard it, and in which I quite agreed with good M. S. Swales, that Agnes made a wrong choice, and that choosing wrong in marriage is the greatest misfortune than can befall any woman."

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.

MR. D. DISRAELI.—*Concluded.*

The year 1835 was with Mr. Disraeli one of more than even his ordinary activity. He was perpetually blowing his trumpet, from its commencement to its close. The accession of Sir Robert Peel to power in November 1834, and the prospect of consolidation and united action in the Conservative party, led to a reasonable hope that Mr. Disraeli might be able to ride into parliament on their shoulders. So he leapt with a graceful facility off his old hobby, on to his new one. He boldly flung aside his mask of Radicalism, and came out a full-blown Tory. With his usual ambition, he again flew at high game;—went down to Taunton, to oppose no less a personage than Mr. Labouchere. In a subsequent explanation of his conduct, to which we shall have occasion again to refer, he maintains that his principles were still the same as when, a *quasi* Radical, three years before, he started for Wycombe; but that now the position of things was altered. He was now an earnest partisan of the Tories (by the by, Mr. Disraeli has an affected tenacity of old party names), because, under the guidance of their eloquent and able leader (his notions of Sir Robert Peel's talents were very different then from what they have been since), the principles of primitive Toryism had again developed themselves. With a boldness of assertion, which shewed him oblivious to the common sense of mankind, he declared, that in no longer advocating short parliaments and the ballot, he was not succumbing to the prejudices of his new allies; but that he abandoned those political specifics, because he now discovered less chance of an oligarchical tyranny, the power of the Whigs having been checked and the balance of power more restored. The British public, Heaven knows, are not wanting in party spirit; but so sudden a change of side, on such abstract grounds, they could not comprehend. It seemed to them simple, shameless inconsistency. Mr. Disraeli's conduct raised him still more active and implacable enemies. By this time the Whigs and Radicals had been compelled to make common cause with each other against their Conservative enemy; and there was no longer any reason why they should be tender with their former neophyte and would-be ally. On all sides the vials of wrath were poured upon him. This was just the very thing he liked. It gave full employment to his combative spirit. He was always up and in his armour, with lance in rest—always had his hobby superbly caparisoned, ready to bear him to all sorts of victorious combats with imaginary antagonists.

Mr. Disraeli, with a courage which, considering his antecedents, must be pronounced audacious, issued the first challenge. In the report which appeared of his speech on the hustings at Taunton, towards the end of April 1835, he was represented as having made a grossly scurrilous attack on Mr. O'Connell, calling him, among other choice epithets, "Incendiary," and "Traitor," and declaring that he was a "Liar in action and in word," that "in his life he was a living lie." It is needless to say, that the great Agitator is not the man to be out-done in coarse abuse. As usual, however, with him, what was grossly rude in his reply, was relieved by some touches of broad humour. A practical man like O'Connell would have a natural contempt for one whom he regarded as being only a flashy theorist; and in addition, he bore him a strong antipathy on religious grounds, in consequence of his Hebrew origin (parenthetically, to exemplify this national dislike, we may remark, that there is scarcely a Jew to be found in Ireland). On the 2d of May following, O'Connell fulminated a characteristic counter-attack, in which he fell upon his antagonist's inconsistencies, naming him with having repaid by the foulest calumny the assistance he had given him at Wycombe; "having failed at Wycombe and Marylebone as a Radical Reformer, he now came out as a Conservative, and considered himself Tory enough to assume the leadership of the Tory party instead of Peel;" and then, having denounced him as a humbug of the first magnitude, he wound up with a coarse but adhesive piece of abusive sarcasm, in which, referring to the origin of Mr. Disraeli's family, he said, "He had no doubt, if his genealogy were traced, it would be found that he was the true heir at-law of the *impudent* thief who atoned for his crimes on the cross." The public laughed, in spite of some disgust, at this piece of Swift-like humour, which they, perhaps, thought had been provoked by Mr. Disraeli, partly by his personal attacks, and partly by his audacious political inconsistency. The personalities stung Mr. Disraeli to madness. The Agitator, he knew, would not fight; therefore, on the principle of hereditary revenge, Mr. Disraeli sought to fight his family. He began with Mr. Morgan O'Connell; but that young gentleman, knowing, perhaps, his father's peculiarities, hesitated to establish so absurd and inconvenient a precedent. Their correspondence was duly published in *The Times*, and, if we mistake not, Mr. Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace. Debarred of his revenge by the pistol, he expended his wrath through his pen. In a letter to O'Connell, couched in terms of bombastic magniloquence, quite worthy of the author of *What is He?* and the *Revolutionary Epic*, he declared, that if the Agitator could have acted like a gentleman, he would have hesitated to have made foul and insolent comments on a garbled and hasty report of his speech, which scarcely contained a sentence or an expression as they had emanated from his mouth. But the truth was he said, that O'Connell was only too happy to pour venom on a man whom it was the interest of a party to represent as a political apostate. That epithet he indignantly disavowed. Concealing for the time his pro Radical attempts, he would have it that he had from the first, come forward only as the avowed enemy of the Whigs, whom he had then denounced as a rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction. Not having the fear of Mr. Hume, or those mute witnesses, the newspaper files, before his eyes, he went on to deny that he had ever deserted a political friend or changed a political opinion. He then alluded to the only interview he had up to that time with O'Connell, saying, with retrospective candour, that he then thought him an overrated man, but that he had plainly told him, personally, that his agitation

for Repeal would make it impossible that they could co-operate. In retorting O'Connell's scurrilous allusions, he says, "It is quite clear that the hereditary bondsman had already forgotten the clank of his fetter. I know the tactics of your Church, it clamours for Toleration and it labours for Supremacy. I see that you are prepared to persecute!" and then, after drawing a strong contrast between his own unaided position and O'Connell's extorted appliances for power, he wound up with the magnificent boast, "We shall meet at Philippi, where I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting chastigation for the insults you have lavished upon me." Having discharged himself of this diatribe, some of the worst parts of which we have omitted, Mr. Disraeli wrote a letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, in which he expresses a charitable hope that he has so insulted his father that some member of the family must come forward and avenge him. The sons of O'Connell, however, looked on the matter as purely ridiculous; and they only published the correspondence in the papers. The public were much of the same opinion. They indulged in a good hearty laugh at the Cambyse's vein of the would-be champion of Conservatism. His political inconsistency was ascribed to an infirmity of judgment, almost amounting to craziness. The extreme rashness and injudicious haste of Mr. Disraeli to achieve greatness had excited strong prejudices against him, until even his power and originality were undervalued. He had, perhaps, never stood lower in public esteem than at this time. His immediate history had embraced only a series of defeats, of preposterous efforts, and ridiculous failures; and his final boast that he and the Agitator would meet at Philippi—that is to say, in the House of Commons—was considered as the climax of his absurdity. The public were not more deceived than he was himself as to the real nature of his powers, and we shall find that it was not very long after he had reached this culminating point of his folly, that he began to develop those powers which have since made him famous.

Mr. Disraeli experienced a great and well-deserved difficulty in obliterating all traces of his pretended Radicalism of the year 1832, when he had finally flung himself into the ranks of the Conservatives. A declaration of his, that he had never been a member of the Westminster Reform Club, drew forth an indignant counter-charge from a correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*, who stated, that after he (Mr. Disraeli) had become a member, he had neglected to pay his first subscription; and a correspondence having ensued between himself and the secretary, it resulted in his withdrawal from the club. And in reference to his attacks on O'Connell, he called up an antagonist even from the wilds of Ireland, who declared that, within a month of Mr. Disraeli's speech at Taunton, he had spoken to him (the writer) in terms of extravagant praise of the Agitator, and had requested him to convey his kind remembrances to him. In fact, he was fairly beset on all sides—was never, perhaps, in his life so delightfully occupied in universal pugnacity. His troubles, however, were not over. In the course of the same year, towards its close, he published a brief work which he entitled, *A Vindication of the English Constitution*. Had he always written with the same concentration, spirit, and judgment, which characterised this book, he would long before have attained a distinguished position among contemporary politicians. To enter into any analysis of this work would exceed our limits; but while speaking of Mr. Disraeli as a political writer, it may be as well to mention, that at a period anterior to any we have yet touched on, Mr. Disraeli figured in the capacity of editor of a morning newspaper, published under the auspices of the renowned John Murray, and called *The Representative*. It was an abortive undertaking, which not even the genius of a Disraeli could inspire with vitality. The birth, staggering life, and death of this weak offspring of speculation, with the quarrels it occasioned among all who were concerned in it, would itself form an amusing chapter in any new edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*. These events, however, are too remote to have much bearing on Mr. Disraeli's present political character.

The Vindication of the English Constitution, was, like most of Mr. Disraeli's writings after the year 1834, consistent with those principles which, as we have already hinted, had been shadowed forth from time to time by him. Whether for its historical illustrations or its style, it was not an effort to be despised; and the time will probably come when it will have acquired a still greater literary interest and value. Its immediate power was shewn in the virulent tangle of the Whigs against the author. It produced an amusing episode in Mr. Disraeli's life, the last, with one exception, in which we shall have occasion to speak of him with even the shadow of ridicule. The Whig party commissioned one of their organs to attack Mr. Disraeli; and towards the close of the year 1835 there appeared a leading article in *The Globe*, couched in language mild enough, but which, besides embodying an attempt to quiz Mr. Disraeli on his many salient points, distinctly charged him with having endeavoured, in 1832, to become one of O'Connell's tail. This was the old Wycombe story over again; but it was revived at a period when it was supposed that it would be peculiarly annoying to Mr. Disraeli. The attempt was so far successful, for it put him in a great passion, and he let himself down so low as to write to *The Times* newspaper a letter, in which, forgetting all his satirical power, which would have enabled him effectually to sting his opponent, he applied language to the editor of *The Globe*, which was only forcible because it contained the raw material of abuse. Forgetting that he had himself been a writer of newspaper leaders, he speaks of the editor as "Some poor devil paid for his libel by the line," adding that "the thing which concocts the meagre sentences, and drives out the rhyming rhetoric of *The Globe*, may be a senator in these queer times, or he may not;" and much more pointless virulence of the same sort. In this letter he supplies an answer to the charge of inconsistency which he seems before to have forgotten; for in excusing himself from the imputation of wanting to be one of O'Connell's tail, he urges that in 1832 he had no tail, and adds, that in that year he was a very different man from what he had since become; that he then spoke with respect of the Protestant institutions of the empire, but now (that is to say, in 1835) he was actively engaged in undermining them. Mr. Disraeli, however, had not got rid of his bad taste—had not yet learned how to abstain from the indulgence of passion, or how to give that fine polish to his sarcasms by which he has since become so formidable. The unhappy writer in *The Globe* is throughout mauled ferociously. Of him Mr. Disraeli says, "The editor's business is to chalk the walls of the nation with praises of his master's blacking; only it is ludicrous to see this poor devil white-washing the barriers of Bayswater with the same self-complacency as if he were painting the halls of the Vatican." Mr. Disraeli would not write or speak such a sentence as this now. He has taken higher flights, surcharges his sarcasms with more venom, and less gall. A long newspaper controversy ensued between the parties, which was kept up on both sides with unabated ill-temper, Mr. Disraeli having decided advantage in the employment of abusive language. Towards the close of the controversy Mr. Disraeli's vanity flashed out brilliantly. The editor of *The Globe* had pompously declined to go any further into the subject, because he would be only gratifying his antagonist's passion for notoriety. This was a home-thrust, and it told. Mr. Disraeli answered, "How could he be gratified

by an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like the editor of *The Globe*, when his own works had been translated, at least, into the language of polished Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World?" This last vigorous blast on the accustomed trumpet made John Bull laugh again, and gave the editor of *The Globe* a final advantage, which he secured by a judicious silence. At the commencement of this controversy, Mr. Disraeli begins by saying that he has often observed "there are two kinds of nonsense—high nonsense and low nonsense." This was rather an unfortunate observation, for a more apt description of his own style when his vanity was rampant, and he breathed his grandiloquent vein, could not be found than in the phrase "high nonsense." In fact, a good satirical criticism of Mr. Disraeli might be formed by selections from his own works.

During the year 1836, and the early part of 1837, we find Mr. Disraeli still, from time to time, in a highly militant state; still dashing off much "high nonsense," but more often allaying it with sound argument and intelligible views. His genius also now began to take a more practical turn. He was still ambitious of entering parliament; but perhaps some good angel had cautioned him that he had better wait till the effect of his former gyrations had become somewhat obliterated from the public mind. A letter of his, addressed to the Burks freeholders, upon some then impending changes in the law, excited some attention, and was thought highly of, because it was free from "high nonsense," and took an intelligible view of its subject. During this interval, also, some letters of the *Junius* order appeared in *The Times* newspaper, signed *Runnymede*, which were universally attributed to his pen, although not distinctly acknowledged by him. Internal evidence fixes the authorship. They exhibit power, weakened by flippancy; historical illustrations perverted to serve party purposes; and frequently the most happy sketchings of personal character, and felicitous exposures of political shortcomings, with here and there a dash of almost insolent smartness, which gave them a raciness infinitely relishing to the reader. Their general principles are mainly consistent with those contained in former manifestoes by Mr. Disraeli. There is the same virulent opposition to Whiggism, and the same exaltation of old Toryism. The Whig leaders will never forgive the writer for his powerful and pungent exposures of their personal incapacity.

At length, towards the close of 1837, the grand object of Mr. Disraeli's efforts was achieved. His political wanderings brought him to Philippi. He was returned to parliament for the borough of Maidstone. Much curiosity was felt to witness his *debut* as an orator. It cannot, with truth, be said that any very high expectations had been formed; and those who knew him, or had at all studied his character, did not scruple to predict the result. There had been throughout his public life such a contrast of strength and weakness, of power and extravagance, such a want of self-government, so many failures and so many successes, that people were puzzled what to think. Mr. Disraeli's eagerness for display left them not long in suspense. His was not a spirit to submit to training, to study the character of his audience, or learn the arts by which they were to be propitiated. Nothing would serve him but a brilliant and immediate triumph. He must be all, or nothing. In one of his prefaces he describes youth as the season which we live in reveries of magnificent performance. His youth had, in this sense, lasted long beyond the usual age of intellectual maturity; and now was come the hour for the magnificent performance. Now he was to burst upon the world as a great and accomplished orator, just as he had before astonished mankind as a novelist, poet, and political writer. He was to spring to the summit at one bound. He came, predestined to rule the senate by his eloquence, predetermined to head a party of his own. Besides, he had to fulfil his challenge to O'Connell—he had sworn to extinguish the most powerful man of his day. Within a very short time of his election he rose to make his maiden speech. He anticipated a signal triumph: he accomplished a most ridiculous failure. He can now afford to have this event recorded, because he has since more than recovered himself; but he would not have done so had not there been an almost total change in the construction of his mind—if the atmosphere of exaggeration in which he had so long lived had not been dispersed, so that he could obtain a clear vision of the real world around him. It is impossible to say what this first speech, which was, no doubt, well prepared beforehand, would have been if heard at length, because the risibility of the House was so much excited, partly by the matter of the speech, and partly by the peculiar manner of the speaker, that they would not let him proceed, but interrupted him with bursts of merriment, such as are seldom indulged in at a speaker. He has since acquired the art of making them laugh as loudly with him. He was so assailed with ridicule as he went on, from flight to flight, in language the House could not understand, that when he came to what should have been his peroration, but which he violently tacked on to the fragments of the main body, he utterly broke down, and was compelled to resume his seat amidst convulsions of laughter. The fact was, that the speech was utterly inappropriate to the occasion and to the subject. The style was altogether too ambitious, the images too high-flown for a beginner, more especially one who was already staggering under the weight of *Alroy* and some kindred follies. His vaunting ambition had, indeed, overleapt itself; and his "other side" seemed at the time to be a bottomless pit of bathos.

There was one passage, which he ejaculated with almost the energy of despair as he sat down, that deserves to be recorded, because, whether it was a deliberate opinion, or whether it was only a mere angry spasm of exasperated vanity, it was still a singular prophecy. He said, with almost savage spirit, amidst the shouts of laughter which drowned his sentences,—"I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me!" This was looked on at the time as the empty boast of a conceited man—another flash in the pan of the same order as his earlier ones: but time proved that he had formed a more just estimate of his own powers.

With this egregious failure ends our record of the mistakes of Mr. Disraeli's ambition. It would almost seem to have startled him into a consciousness of the great error that had obstructed his previous career. Without being able to vouch for the fact, we would confidently hazard the assertion, that he must have submitted his mind from that time to a most rigorous discipline—that he ceased to rely so wholly as he had done on his own impulses, and determined to acquire a mastery of those parts of the art of oratory which are not immediately dependent on the inspirations of the mind, but without which the finest ideas are useless. For some time after his first speech he remained comparatively silent; nor did he, for a year and a half afterwards, take any prominent part in the debates. When he again made an effort of magnitude, a total change seemed to have come over him, although he had not yet reached to any thing like the skill he afterwards displayed. He dropped his grandiloquent style, but kept his original ideas and forcible language; he made no ambitious efforts to work either on the passions or on the imagination; his manners grew quiet and collected; he was more argumentative than declamatory; and his speeches became, not only coherent in sentiment but also symmetrical in form. In July 1839, he began to

make a favourable impression on the House. He delivered a remarkably sensible and powerful speech, in which he explained that the demands of the Chartists, although they aimed at the attainment of political rights, were really the offspring of social wrongs; and he declaimed, with vehement eloquence, against the growing tendency of our government and legislation towards centralization and against the government of the country being virtually entrusted to the middle classes. It was now that he began also to propound in some intelligible shape, not in the flighty, flashy, metaphorical style of former years, his doctrines as to the true interests of the nation. He entered, on more than one occasion, his solemn protest, retrospectively, against the attempts of the Whigs to obtain through the medium of the Reform-bill, a permanent grasp of the electoral power. Those who had read some scattered passages in Mr. Disraeli's earlier writings, and who remembered the grounds he at the time alleged for starting in public life on the Radical interest, were struck with the fact that the prophecies he then made had only not been fulfilled because the reaction of Conservative feeling had been strong in proportion to the attempts of the Whigs to exercise their power. But Mr. Disraeli had, in the meantime, elevated his views beyond the narrow sphere of party influences, and had consolidated in his own mind a scheme of policy which he had before shadowed out, in which hatred of the Whigs was rendered secondary to a desire to bring about a closer alliance between the old aristocracy of the country and the industrious masses. He called upon the latter to yield the right of government to the former, on condition that they should be responsible for their social welfare, on principles of legislation which he proclaimed not to be new, but to have been only in abeyance. A favourite aphorism with him at this time was, that "the aristocracy and the labouring population constitute the nation!"—the same fundamental principle which he has endeavoured to set, in a more attractive form, before the public in later years, in his novels *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. In pursuance of this scheme, which is still held by a majority of living statesmen to be only the croquet of a political enthusiast, Mr. Disraeli invariably made a somewhat ostentatious display of his sympathy for those Chartists who were punished for the alleged political offence of holding opinions regarding the rights of the multitude different from those of their superiors. One of the best speeches he made in this interval of parliamentary regeneration was on behalf of Lovet and Collins, whose case he took up on high constitutional grounds, disdaining all call for mercy on the part of the State, and asserting that they were in fact the aggrieved parties. This was in the year 1840. During 1841 he spoke with more frequency, and grew gradually in the good-will of the House, till he effaced the recollection of his first failure. His speeches on the Copyright and Education questions, in particular, were much admired, and he shewed unexpected debating powers in an attack which he made on the Whig ministry just before their final downfall.

Throughout these years he repeatedly enforced in parliament, as also in his various writings, those ideas of political and social reform which are known as "Young Englandism." Identity of sentiment and opinion between him and Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe, and some few others, led them to form a little party of their own in the very heart of the Conservative ranks; and of this party, such as it was, Mr. Disraeli, by common consent, was made the leader. Thus was his early ambition so far gratified. He was the head of a party—to be sure, it was only a little one—and was the target for all the spare ridicule in parliament and in the press. But still power and royalty in any shape, are delicious to ambitious minds; and a nucleus, however small, may always be made a rallying point. Something of a prophetic spirit seems to have led his imagination to conceive the sort of character he afterwards acted with in Lord John Manners, and which he has striven to embody in his later novels. In the *Revolutionary Epic*, amidst much bombastic common-place, there is sketched the portrait of a nobleman, for which Lord John Manners, and some few others of his class, might have sat:—

"This man, thus honoured, set apart, refined,
Serene and courteous, learned, thoughtful, brave,
As full of charity as noble pomp,—
This pledge that in the tempests of the world
The stream of culture shall not backward ebb,—
This is the noble that mankind demands,
And this the man a nation loves to trust."

In the early part of 1842 he girded himself up to a great task—one to which he proved himself quite equal. We allude to his long speech on our consular establishments abroad,—a speech which did not receive its full meed of approval at the time. It was, "Pooh poohed!" by Lord Palmerston, and treated with indifference by Sir Robert Peel. It is more than probable that Sir Robert thus early wounded the vanity of his aspiring follower, and so laid the foundation for his subsequent memorable hatred. If, however, Mr. Disraeli was conscious of such feelings at the time, he did not give them utterance; for during the whole of 1842 and 1843 he spoke frequently in general defence of Sir Robert Peel's policy, more especially his free trade measures, which he justified on the ground that they were fully in accordance with the unrealised policy of Pitt. His speeches during these years were full of information, of bold views, of striking historical illustrations, and were generally so well sustained as to be quite refreshing after the commonplace argument of ordinary speeches, where ideas were constantly reproduced by one member after another, but few adding any to the common stock. Still, up to this time, Mr. Disraeli could scarcely be said to have achieved any triumph as an orator. The utmost he had effected was his recovering himself from the absurd position in which he had originally placed himself.

But with the year 1844 came a very different state of things. From an early period in the session of that year Mr. Disraeli began to develop parliamentary powers, of an order far higher than any he had exhibited before. He took and maintained a position in the debates of the House of Commons which was in itself sufficiently distinguished, but which became still more remarkable when contrasted with his early failure as a speaker. Of all the men of talent in the assembly, he was the very last who could have been expected so to have undermined Sir Robert Peel. The parliamentary reputation of the right hon. baronet appeared to be so consolidated; he was looked up to with such universal respect, if not as a statesman at least as a debater; he had so often withstood the shocks of heavy artillery, and the deadly aim of rifle practice, from established orators, that the shafts of Mr. Disraeli's ridicule, however pointed or envenomed, might have been expected to fall dead and blunted at his feet. But it was not so in fact. Mr. Disraeli managed his attacks with such skill, and aimed his blows with such precision at the weak points of his distinguished adversary, that his triumph, as far as mere debating was concerned, became complete. So singular a chapter in parliamentary history deserves to be entered upon in detail. But before doing so, it may be as well to pause for a few moments, that we may point the moral of the foregoing pages. The reader will scarcely have failed to perceive what, if we had entered still more into detail,

we should have made still more apparent, that all Mr. Disraeli's failures, whether in literature or in politics, may be traced, on the one hand, to an exaggerated temperament, which led him to take false views of the realities around him, and to over-estimate his own power of coping with his imaginary creation; and, on the other, to his having perpetually invoked, towards the accomplishment of the most simple and commonplace objects, intellectual faculties which, even in their perfection, are only required for the most capacious designs and the most grand events. During the whole of his earlier career he seems never to have had any one practical end in view, but to have been perpetually deceived by *ignes fatui* of his own imagination, till he really believed he was combatting realities. We have seen that these ill-regulated efforts produced perpetual fear and suspicion in the public mind; that no reliance whatever could be felt on the conduct of one who seemed so little to understand the common conditions of success; that even where he anticipated his contemporaries in his judgments, his vaticinations were looked at as the ravings of an enthusiast; and that, while possessing talents which were admitted to be such as few men are gifted with, all his offers of support to existing parties were rejected with contempt, until he became a sort of foundling of the political world, in whose case every one certainly felt interested, but whose connexion every one repudiated. From the moment, however, that he set up for himself tangible and practicable aims, proportioning his efforts to his powers and to the customs of his contemporaries, training and disciplining his mind in recognized formularies, and perfecting his talents by comparison and emulation with established models, all that was wild, visionary, and in some respects ludicrous in his former proceedings becomes obliterated from the mind; until, having discarded all that brass which he in vain strove to make pass for current coin, he is enabled, out of what is really a small portion of sterling capital, to accumulate so large a proportion of influence and fame. His career is, in fact, at once an example and a warning. Whatever indulgence might have been extended to his very early extravagancies, it was unpardonable in a man who had proved his possession of such talents, that he should have reached the age of two or three and thirty—a period of life at which some of the greatest productions of genius have been perfected—without having acquired even the average self-knowledge and judgment which it is the privilege of almost the meanest persons to possess, if not actually of unsound mind. Indeed, when it is remembered that Mr. Disraeli's reputation has always been built on his satirical powers, and that its climax has only been attained by the perfection of his attacks on Sir Robert Peel, we do not know that he ought to be allowed to escape so easily from the apprehension due to his former follies. But it is just to him to say, that while concentrating the attention of political men of all parties by his debating powers, he has also applied himself vigorously and sedulously to the thorough comprehension of the more practical and laborious duties of a member of parliament; so that, in some departments of the public service, there would be found few men more fit to be selected for employment. The very faculties which, in their extravagant exercise upon an unreal basis, exposed him to so much ridicule, will, when employed on sound practicable objects, enable him to take much more enlarged views of public affairs, and to serve the State in a much more important sphere than can ever be embraced by men of a correct mediocrity. We see no reason whatever why such men as Mr. Disraeli has now proved himself to be, should not be engaged in the public service. If we test the claims of our leading statesmen, and investigate the origin of their successes, we shall find that they rest on their development of debating powers. The more unscrupulous and clever the partisan, the higher, too often, is his grade as a minister. With some brilliant exceptions, the prominent men of both parties have been rewarded for doing those things indifferently, which Mr. Disraeli has proved he can do well.

Mr. Disraeli's attack on Sir Robert Peel was very sudden,—so sudden as almost to preclude the belief that he was actuated by public spirit, or, indeed, by any other feeling than one of personal enmity. Into the more common insinuations against Mr. Disraeli, that he had asked for a place and had been refused by the government, we do not think it necessary to enter. The facts are not established, nor has there been any direct assertion or denial by the parties. We would rather seek for causes quite as natural, though not so obvious. Sir Robert Peel, being essentially a practical statesman, sought, as the agents of his policy, men of a practical turn of mind. Sir Robert Peel, like most practical men, hates ideas, or, rather, he estimates them not by their abstract truth, but by their capability of being realised in party action. He altogether undervalued Mr. Disraeli's talents; looked upon him as an unsafe ally, who might, by chance, hit with a random shot, but who could not be depended on for steady purposes and aims. He had, on many occasions, treated the aspiring regenerator of his age with marked indifference, if not contempt. Secure behind his rampart of past parliamentary successes, he despised one whom he never expected to head an assault. It is possible that this cold affectation of superiority stung the natural self-esteem of Mr. Disraeli, conscious of his undeveloped capabilities; and that, long before he was in action an open foe, he was in heart a secret enemy. Political hatreds, like those of private persons, are too often only the rankling wounds of self love.

In two short months was Mr. Disraeli's ostensible support of the Conservative minister changed to scarcely disguised opposition. Political events had, in the interval, furnished him with a pretext for his animosity. But, in the month of February, 1844, Sir Robert Peel could have had no suspicion, if, indeed, he would have taken any care, that he would so soon arouse so formidable an opponent; for in that month, on the opening of the session, Mr. Disraeli was a still not inactive supporter of Sir Robert Peel. He spoke of him incidentally as a minister of great ability and great power; and delivered an eulogium upon him for the admirable manner in which he had reconstructed his party, in which, when he said, "that every thing great is difficult," he must have meant that the accomplishment of so difficult a task was the proof of greatness. He further expressed his conviction, that if Sir Robert Peel would propose great measures the public would support him; that it was for him to create public opinion, not to follow it.

How Mr. Disraeli's public support became converted at so early a date as the following April into scarcely disguised opposition, till, for two years and a half he devoted himself, with an unparalleled perseverance, to the task of torturing and exasperating, in every possible way, the man on whom he had formerly lavished his praises, must be reserved to a future number; as well as a detail of the temptations which Sir Robert Peel's personal and political conduct afforded to so accomplished a satirist.

THE LEADERSHIP FOR THE SESSION.

As the session of Parliament draws near, there is a good deal of gossiping speculation about the position which the various Parliamentary leaders are to occupy. Respecting Lord John Russell's post, of course there can be no doubt—Lord John has the undisputed virtual as well as nominal leadership on

his side. But on the opposite side, there are two parties, separated by a division far wider than the floor of the House.

One point of doubt has been set at rest by the advance of Lord Stanley as leader of the Protectionist party: in that capacity, it is inferred, he has issued a circular inviting Protectionist Peers to assemble at his house—of course to review their forces and concert measures. But what sort of measures? On a calculation of probabilities, it appears unlikely that he can attempt to meddle with the Corn-law settlement, or indeed do anything in the legitimate line of "protection." Ireland will be the great subject: any effectual measure of Irish policy will be distasteful to Irish landlords: here, it has been suggested, is a "cause" which Lord Stanley may espouse, to the injury of Ministers and the furtherance of mischief generally. There is an air of likelihood in the surmise. In any event, however, Lord Stanley is only in the House of Peers, the political importance of which House has become quite secondary.

It is presumed that Lord George Bentinck will be leader of the Protectionists in the House of Commons; and as the party has not displayed any accession to its personnel since the last session, it is not likely to be more formidable than it was then; its influence being almost limited to its voting-power, and even in that way, as a minority, rather to passive obstruction than the furtherance of any positive measures. The Protectionists, then, in this the last session of the present Parliament, will still be lookers-on; the real disposal of events lying with the other two parties—the "Liberal" and the "Conservative" sections of the party of improvement.

But much discussion has arisen as to who is to occupy the post technically recognized as that belonging to "leader of the Opposition"—the first front seat on the Speaker's left hand. The *Standard* claimed it, a few weeks back, for Lord George Bentinck; but the claim was laughed down. The *Morning Chronicle* assigns the post to Lord Lincoln; but in that, we conceive, there is some mistake. Not that we are disposed to undervalue Lord Lincoln's abilities or earnestness, or the influence of his social "station;" but he has yet to earn that well-recognized and commanding personal influence which conveys mastery over numbers. We can suppose, however, that there is "something in it," and if there is, we guess at it through other considerations.

The great, the anxious, the unsatisfied speculation, turns upon Sir Robert Peel: what will be his position? The Protectionist papers contend that he is not really in Opposition, and therefore cannot be Opposition leader. There is a kind of impotent confidence in this technicality, like the confidence of some amateur lawyer who has brought himself within the grasp of arrest, but declares that you can't put him in prison—when he is in prison. Sir Robert, they say, can't be leader of the Opposition; but still, wherever he pleases to sit, he is leader of the Opposition,—taking that name only as a general term for the party not in office. It is probable that in the coming session Sir Robert Peel may not prove a party antagonist to Ministers; but there may be very good reasons why he should not stand pledged as a supporter of the present Cabinet. It has as yet been but partially tried. Its strength may not prove equal to the demands upon it—which will indeed be formidable. The Whig Ministers may be unable to go far enough in some needful direction. We do not assume that it will be so; but we can no more assume the opposite. For instance, it is not to be taken for granted that Ministers will be able to cope with the vast hydra of troubles, Ireland: appalled by the huge difficulties there, by the elements even of seeming impossibility, they might yield in despair; or they might propose half measures, quite unequal to the exigency. If so, a statesman not pledged to the party may see fit, not to oppose their measures, but to supercede them by others of greater scope and strength.

On these considerations, we hold that the position of Sir Robert Peel is necessarily indeterminate. His technical position in the House sinks into insignificance in comparison with his remaining free to do the best he can for the public good. We agree with his enemies, then, in anticipating that he will not be "in Opposition;" we equally anticipate that he will not be disposed merely to second measures telling perhaps for the credit of a party but insufficient for the public good. In the broadest sense of an Opposition,—that is, a party out of office to criticise the acts of the party in office, and emulate it in the service of the country,—Sir Robert Peel has the best right of any man to the leadership of the Opposition; but, we say, his seat is a matter of no moment. The technical duties of that sort might be safely left to lieutenants. The speculations about his post simply attest the anxiety to know what he will do,—the apprehension of enemies that he will be as powerful as ever to defeat their projects; the expectation of the public generally that his great abilities and influence will still be made available for the public service, at a crisis which is among the most momentous that the country has witnessed. And rumour says that the public expectation will not be disappointed.—*Spectator*.

POPE-BAITING.

The Animal's Friend Society of London has claimed the patronage of Pope Pius the Ninth; though why they should assail that busy personage we do not know,—unless it is that they address him as the author of *bulls*, under some misapprehension imputing a zoological character to those creations of the Viceregent. Or perhaps they take him, with equal error, for one of the many "Innocents" that have ascended the Papal throne? However this may be, they hold up to him the example of "that great legislator" Mr. Martin. They also enlighten their new pupil on the origin of crime; the boy that kills birds, they state, becomes "capable d'assassiner son semblable;" and the art of thieving is first acquired in bird's-nesting. We do not observe that any evidence is advanced in support of these facts; which, no doubt would have been easy enough, as there are statistics for all purposes. The Society might have sent tables showing the number of the birds killed and the number of murders, in parallel columns, for each year since the beginning of the century; also the number of bird's-nests and the number of commitments for robbery. Having neglected that duty the Society leaves untouched the evidence of one of the most illustrious of their own clients—Lamb. Charles Lamb says that theft is an original sin of humanity; he adduces the evidence of the hand with its five fingers, which by a beautiful provision of nature is an apparatus so formed for picking and stealing, that, as Lamb justly observes, one can scarcely keep hands off anything one sees.

Coming to the specific objects, the Society calls upon the Pope to interpose for the suppression of bull fights in Spain, and also to prevent the practice of laying poison in the streets of Rome for mad dogs, since it may be taken by dogs who are not mad. Evidently the good folks regard the Pope as the great Centaur or bull-driver of Europe: but we do assure them that the Roman bull is not "the beast," they take it for. As to the poisoning practice, the Society must ean the Italians from a natural though exaggerated dread of hydrophobia, before it can expect immunity for dogs in hot weather. The Roman plan is less sweeping than that which prevails in other Italian states; where, in the

fervour of the Mad-dog days, a host of *shirri* or police constables sally forth with drawn swords and sabre all stray dogs. In times of great alarm, the army even invades the brutes in the fastnesses of their masters' homes and any symptom excitement is taken for a death warrant. Again we have to complain that the society has not thoroughly fulfilled its mission: has it sent to Italy, for general distribution, copies of the ballad by Goldsmith, beginning "In Islington there was a man?"

But what on earth is the Society about when it refers the Pope to *Virgil* for a prophecy of the Millennium? is it supposed that *Virgil* was a saint in the Roman calendar, and only excluded as apocryphal on Protestant principles?

The worthy philanthropists defeat their object by these eccentric vagaries. The present Pope is as busy as he can be in improving the condition of the Italian people; and when he has done with human beings it will be time enough to come to brutes. The London Animal's Friend Society is out of bounds when it gets to Rome. And even at home, it may usefully limit its intervention. Martin's Act is a well-meant law; cruelties in the public presence are an outrage on decency and a demoralizing example, and it is sometimes necessary to compel decorum. But with that prevention of flagrant brutalities compulsory intervention ought to cease. The attempt to force upon men kindness of action is beginning at the wrong end—is pecking at the tip ends of the weed instead of assailing its root. Educate the affections by appropriate example and exercises; cultivate the taste for what is good and beautiful; and so you wean men from what is brutal and revolting. Kindness to fellow creatures, in this stupendous universe, it is less the province of legislation to teach than of aesthetics. Coleridge's poem does more than any act of Parliament, edict, or Papal bull, and it works less by its direct precept than by the music of its exhortation, which makes kindness to the brute creation a part of universal harmony and beauty.

"He loveth God who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who made and loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Spectator.

CHRISTMAS.

Old Father Christmas is coming at last;
Summer's bright flow'rets are withered and past,
Autumn hath gathered her harvest of grain,
And merry King Christmas is coming again.

Ambassador Frost on the window pane,
Wrote word that his master was coming.
In icy characters, rich and quaint,
Finished with workmanlike cunning,
Then on he passed to the brooks and streams,
And he stopped their drowsy humming.

Up to the clouds away he flew—
Aye, aye, he found plenty of work to do;
For he covered us up in a mantle of snow,
We looked so dimly cold below.

Old King Christmas is stout, though old,
And his beard is white and long;
A robe of fur doth his frame enfold,
And his step is firm and strong;
His cheeks are rosy with health—and cold,
And he smileth on old and young.

He loveth the blaze of the cheerful fire,
So pile up the fuel higher—yet higher;
And he looks for good cheer, mince pies, and strong beer,
For he comes to see us but once a year.

Bring ye hither the holy bough,
With its rosy berries dight;
Bring ye hither the mistletoe,
Garnished with fruit so white;
And the ivy green that creepeth low,
With its leaves so darkly bright.

The goodly mistletoe hang on high,
Beautiful type of life's holiest tie,
Whispering its moral to every heart—
The oak and the mistletoe never may part.

Ivy, the emblem of friendship true,
That in sorrow doth closest cling,
Fondly striving to hide from view,
The ruin that time doth bring;
Hiding our faults 'neath the vernal hue
That its shadowing leaves doth fling.

The holly, like truth, is sturdy and strong,
And fears not the wind that blows loudly or long;—
Falsehood and Prejudice blister away,
Truth is secure, and can still "bide its day."

A wreath of the holly and ivy green,
With mistletoe berries entwined—
Truth, love, and friendship—should ever be seen
In a Christmas wreath entwined;
For Christmas loveth right well, I ween,
This wreath on his brows to bind.

Kind hearts are beaming through eyes that are bright,
Soft voices singing, in tones of delight,
Gentle words shedding their balm on the ear,
Be thankful,—be merry,—Old Christmas is here.

Dec. 14th, 1846.

ELIZABETH L.—

THE BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

(From the Roman Advertiser of Nov. 28.)

Amongst the many who flock from the most remote regions, incited by the desire to behold the glorious relics of the City of Romulus, there are few who do not, on their first arrival, direct attention to the splendours of the Vatican, and consequently pass the Elian Bridge, or that of St. Angelo, which leads thither, before visiting any other object. This being amongst the bridges of modern Rome, the finest, and the historic memories attaching to it; to dwell for a short time upon its contemplation will not be ungrateful to the cultivated reader, who must often find the vague notices of descriptive manuals insuf-

ficient to satisfy his curiosity, as to the monuments of the ancient mistress of the world.

The original construction of this superb bridge is ascribed to the Emperor Ælius Adrianus, who erected it about the year 136 of our era, to give access to his Mausoleum and the contiguous imperial gardens. Hence it received the name *Ælian*, and also that of *Pons Hadriani* or *Trajani* (all names of the same emperor). In the middle ages, it was also called *Pons S. Petri*; and afterwards the denomination *Castellum S. Angeli*, given to the mole of Adrian, gave rise to the name of *Ponte S. Angelo*, about the end of the fifteenth century.

An authentic record of this bridge exists in a medallion of bronze in the Paris Museum, presenting on the face, the head of Adrian with his names and titles; on the reverse, the bridge with five arches, adorned by eight columns, and as many statues surmounting them. On the front of the Mausoleum towards the bridge, was formerly a lapidary inscription, establishing the epoch of the construction of the latter, about 136 of our era. To these documents are added the testimonies of many historians; amongst others, that of Spartianus, who lived in the time of Diocletian, and wrote the biographies of several emperors.

At the decline of the eleventh century, Cencio (a name corrupted from *Vincenzo*, as *Renzo* from *Lorenzo*, etc.) son of the prefect of the city, a rash and seditious youth, erected a lofty tower on this bridge, and thence harassed the passengers with every description of insult, imposing on them a most burdensome toll; but afterwards, he being overcome and driven out of the city by the troops of St. Gregory VII. the Roman populace, rushing upon the bridge in a body, levelled entirely to the ground this fortress of lawlessness. In the year 1116, the papal throne filled by Pascal II, the city was agitated by internal discords through means of Pietro, the prefect: this man, the son of Pierleoni, in order to wrest by force the confirmation of his prefectship from the pope, took his post before this bridge, and failing in his ambitious intent, vented his rage on the attendants of the pontiff in the most ferocious manner.

When Boniface VIII. (Caetani) instituted, for the first time, the jubilee, in 1300, he ordered that the bridges should be divided by a partition carried across its length, to provide against the dangers occasioned by the pressure of the throng on their way to St. Peter's.

In 1450, when the people were returning from receiving the benediction at St. Peter's, from Nicholas V., the superincumbent weight caused the bridge to give way and 173 persons perished; in memorial of this, the pope erected two circular chapels in its ingress, and had the whole restored, as is recorded on one of the columns, on the side towards the Vatican, bearing the initials, N.P.P.V. To guard against such accidents the same pontiff ordered several houses to be levelled, thus forming the piazza called *di Ponte*. The chapels were thrown down by order of Clement VII. (Medici) in 1527, for the enlargement of the thoroughfare; and in their place were erected the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, at the entrance of the bridge, the first raised at its structure. In 1668, Clement IX. (Rospigliosi) desiring to embellish it, consigned the task to Bernini, who, instead of the former close parapets, carried a balustrade across its span, and erected the ten colossal statues of angels bearing the instruments of the passion, but of which one only is the work of his chisel: the others by his pupils, from his own designs. In honor of this improvement (the last the bridge has received,) two medals were struck, with the inscription *Ælio ponte exornato*, in the reign of the same pope.

The statues of the angels, which follow in order those of the apostles, display all the peculiarities of the school of Bernini. Regarded artistically, they cannot be applauded, but still the conception of the decoration, as a whole, is imposing and beautiful, and in this Bernini lavished all the richness of his invention; uniting and harmonising the details of the ornaments with great skill: placing the statues in succession as the primitive construction of the bridge required, deducing their object from the name of the bridge and castle: and giving them, as attributes, the sacred relics of our Lord, which are preserved in the Vatican Basilica.

The statue bearing the inscription over the cross, is the one Bernini executed, and which has not escaped the biting sarcasm of the motto

Che canta, suona, e balla
E pur le manca una spalla!

[“That sings, and plays, and dances, and yet is in want of a shoulder!”] We read in the life of Bernini by Baldinucci, that he intended to execute all the rest, and submitted two others to Clement IX., who not wishing that his works should be exposed to the injuries of the atmosphere, ordered copies of these to be made for the bridge, and the originals to be placed at the disposal of the cardinal, his nephew. The latter are now in the church of *St. Andrea della fratte*. Bernini, however, sculptured, and clandestinely erected the statue of the angel with the inscription, when informed of which, the pope sent for him, and jestingly said, he concluded the artist wished to extort a commission for another copy.

The indefatigableness of this famous sculptor was wonderful: when a septuagenarian, he completed entirely with his own chisel, three colossal statues of marble, besides conceiving the whole embellishments of the bridge, and assisting in all the models and works. Clement IX., who did not live to see the completion, out of extreme modesty, desired that neither name nor inscription should record his share in the honor of the achievement. It was reserved for his successor, Clement X. (Altieri) to transmit his praise to posterity, as the originator, in the armorial bearings of the former pontiff, and analogous inscription, on the pedestals opposite to the Castle of St. Angelo.

ON THE REPRODUCTIVE PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENTAL ART BY MR. GEORGE WALLIS.

Mr. Wallis observed that the subject was one of extreme importance, as many portrait painters, landscape, and even historical painters, were often at a loss to know how best to produce an arabesque or drapery to ornament their pictures, in consequence of an imperfect knowledge of the principles he wished to explain. He wished to explain the reproductive principles of industrial art, which are combined with the imitative principles of fine art, when applied to actual practice; nor could he insist too strongly upon the importance of this point in the education of youth, as painters, sculptors, or the manufacturers of decorative articles. Upon a sound knowledge of the principles of art as applied to those articles which are susceptible of embellishment, depends the successful working of those productions by which we, as a nation of manufacturers, must eventually stand or fall in the market of the world. The mission of fine art was to embody, by form and colour, the thoughts which the poet expressed by words, to hold up for imitation the acts of good men, or the deeds of bad men for our abhorrence. Industrial art aims at the embellishment of the new works of man, by that power which is given the artist for the true investigation of the beautiful in nature; and in transferring it to the loom, the printing machine, or the metal-worker's mould, he reproduces nature in a new form; he is compelled to invent as well as imitate, to design as well as draw. To be able to do this, one

says he should study the antique, another says study nature, and a third, “study my pattern book.” He (Mr. Wallis) would say study them all. But let it not be a mere surface study. It should be for the investigation of principles that we study the antique: for the discovery of new types that we should study nature and if possible for the enunciation of new principles. It should be for the purpose of understanding those mechanical difficulties and peculiarities of material, so essential to the successful practice of industry, that we should study the manufacturer's pattern book, in other words, the adaptation of the material to the purpose of decoration. In fine art we have an analogous use of study. The artist's object is strictly to intimate, but in doing so, he endeavours to elevate his subject, and thus, to a certain extent, acts upon a principle analogous to the industrial artist, and reproduces the object or portrait with such an infusion of his own mind as to give it force and originality. He idealises as well as imitates. As an illustration of what he calls the reproductive power, Mr. Wallis, took a painting of a flower, the corolla of which appeared adapted for the purpose of forming a porcelain cup. In moulding it into the cup, he had to consider the peculiarities of the form, and how far it was adaptable to his purpose. Having formed the body of the cup from the corolla of the flower, he next formed the stem, which he decorated with the buds of the flower, and obtained from the leaf a base for it to stand upon. The artist might copy the flower and yet never make an ornament of it, and until he could do that he was one half educated. Out of this kind of practice, and the investigation of first principles, pure originality in industrial art must come. In the wild field of nature lay the best exercise. The Greeks studied nature; we study the Greeks, and do not approach them, nor ever will, until nature is made the basis of our practice. How frequently do we hear that a certain thing must be correct because the ancient masters did it: while the principle upon which it was done is rarely quoted. He protested against the libellous use of the works of those great men. They acted upon principles which were doubtless true, and fitted for the time and place in which they were called to labour. But he believed that, under such different circumstances, a people whose pursuits, habits and acquirements were so far in advance as the present generation, ought also to advance in a knowledge of the principles of art; and many of the great painters, whose works were the object of an affected veneration, would be astonished at their worshippers, if they could be called up at this day. It must not be understood, however, that he undervalued ancient art, but it was for its own times and purposes that it must be appreciated, and not for modern use or embellishment. Look at the modern Germans, who had made themselves into a school studied by all modern nations. They had taken nature for a new type; and they had endeavoured to reproduce nature on positive principles. Here and there they had produced a new principle, and as such they had done as much as the Greeks. Ornamental art depends upon the reproductive adaptation of the forms of nature for its greatest beauties, and true originality could alone be arrived at through this source; whilst all our ornaments are the result of slavish copyism, or a mannerism arising from the study of misunderstood authorities. The time had now come when the subject must be looked at in a more serious light than hitherto. When we consider that we are constantly brought into competition with two great nations who have looked at it in the true philosophical sense, it is necessary that we should no longer forget what is obviously of so much importance; for soon even we ourselves shall make the comparison between French and German goodness and English badness. We cannot depend continually upon foreign assistance in this matter. The French now send the refuse of their design shops to us, and say “It is good enough for the English.” They will continue to do so, until we educate our own youth and enable them to compete with the foreigners in art, as they can in science or mechanics.—(Applause.)

MR. GRACE CALVERT'S LECTURE ON COLOURS.

Mr. F. Grace Calvert, delivered a lecture on Monday last, at 3 o'clock, in the Lecture room of the Royal Institution, on the subject of “Colors as applied to calico printing,” which was listened to with marked attention. The lecturer commenced by mentioning that the first person who treated on the subject of colors was Buffon; that the knowledge of the action of colors on our sight, was principally introduced by Goethe and Rumford; but the knowledge of the effect of two different colors in juxtaposition, was only slightly noticed until later years; and that our knowledge of this, and of the simple laws by which that effect is regulated, is owing to the deep and close investigation of the subject by the learned M. Chevreul. Before entering more fully into the examination of those particular laws of colors, Mr. Calvert proceeded to give a most satisfactory and lengthened account of the nature of light, and the reason why surfaces reflect various colors. He stated that a ray of light, passing through a prism, and receiving that refracted ray on a white surface, led the immortal Newton to the discovery of the following seven colors:—Blue, red, yellow, indigo, violet, orange and green. But although it was formerly supposed that light was comprised of these seven colors, it has been discovered that it only consists of three, viz. blue, red and yellow, which, by their mixture and combination, form the other four colors, thus—red and yellow, combined or mixed, produce orange; yellow and blue mixed, produce green; red and blue, when mixed, produce indigo and violet. Mr. Calvert next explained the manner in which a white, black or colored surface is produced; and shewed that white and black were not colors, as generally supposed, but that white was only the reflection of light, and black the absorption of light; and that, in the case of primitive colors, it was owing to the reflection of one of them, all the other colors of the prism being absorbed. For example, red is produced because it is the only color reflected by a particular surface, the other colors being absorbed; pink is produced because only a part of the red is reflected, mixed with a quantity of white light; and brown is produced by the red being nearly all absorbed, and the reflected part being mixed with a certain portion of the absorbed light; and the mixed colors, such as green, &c. are produced because two colors are reflected by a surface at the same time. He next showed two reasons why a pure color is not observable:—Firstly, because a surface would reflect a certain portion of all the rays, as well as the principal ray itself; and, secondly, from the difficulty of observation, by the influence of colors on our sight. Mr. Calvert adverted at great length and with much perspicuity, to the last reason, as being more particularly the immediate subject of the lecture; and proceeded to explain what is meant by the complimentary colors, which he defined to be the colors necessary to form either white light or black light, when added to a primitive color; and that, when we look at any particular color, our eye instantly generates its corresponding complimentary color: thus, when we look at red, our eyes generate green, or the complimentary color; at blue, our eye generates orange; at greenish yellow, then our eye generates violet; and at orange yellow, indigo, and *visa versa*. Having, at considerable length, explained these introductory subjects, the lecturer next proceeded to show that there were three contrasts of colors, viz. the successive, the simultaneous, and

the mixed. He mentioned that the "successive" was first discovered, and most studied, by modern philosophers, and that it arose from this fact, that if a person look for a considerable time at a primitive color, such as red, and carry his eye along a white surface, he will instantly observe a square of green, which is the complementary color of red; and if he look at blue, he will perceive a square of orange, which is its complementary color. He proceeded next to the "simultaneous contrast," which he showed to be of more importance, and first discovered by Professor Chevreul. He explained this to be the influence of two colors placed in juxtaposition on each other; for when a primitive and its complementary color are placed in juxtaposition, they each increase in beauty and intensity. Thus, in the case of purple and yellow, when placed in juxtaposition, they greatly increase in intensity, because the purple throws yellow on the yellow, and the yellow throws purple on the purple. The same may be said of all the other colors, to which may be added white and black. He explained the effect of placing two colors in juxtaposition, one of them not being the complement of the other, and that the effect of contrast was greatest and most visible on the line of contact. In the case in which two colors are employed, one of them not being the complement of the other, such as blue and purple in juxtaposition, the purple became faded, by an orange tint thrown on it by the blue, and the blue lost its intensity, by a yellow being thrown on it by the purple. This proved that the purple had lost or gained at least four tones in its intensity, and he showed that a great saving could be made in the quantity of color and matter employed in calico printing, having the same effect, by a thorough knowledge of those laws of colors; and proved by other illustrations, that tints could be obtained when no colors whatever were employed; such as by putting a sheet of perfectly grey paper on other colored paper, when immediately the grey paper took the complementary color; and he shewed, if a color be affected, how to remove that influence. For example, if a piece of black paper were placed near a yellow piece, the black became purple; and if near blue paper, the same black paper became yellow; so that to destroy those effects, it is only necessary to add to the black a quantity of complementary color sufficient to neutralize the effect which the colors, when placed in juxtaposition, had produced. When blue and black were placed in juxtaposition, they produced a yellowish black; to destroy which effect we have only to employ a bluish black. Again, if yellow and black be in juxtaposition, they produce a bluish black, to destroy which we employ a yellowish black. The same law holds good as regards white or any other color. Mr. Calvert showed clearly and forcibly the importance of a knowledge of those laws of colors, not only to general but private cotton printers; because, by a knowledge of those laws, they were at once able to judge of the effect of particular colors on each other, even before they were subjected to the process of printing, and thus would be able at once, to prevent any defective results.

He proved the above facts, not only by private experiment, but by the production of a large number of calico prints. This led him to show that the same intensity of pattern could be obtained by employing less quantity of colour and material, according to the degree of influence which it received from the surrounding colour, so that the more intense or complementary, the less colour and matter were necessary. For example, suppose a blue stripe to be worked with different ground patterns of increasing intensity and tint, the blue will increase in its intensity according to the intensity of the ground pattern; or if its neighbouring colour be approaching to its complementary colour. So, if a printer works in the same blue, it will vary according to the shade of the ground pattern; thus, consequently, a great saving may be obtained if he be acquainted with those laws.

Mr. Calvert next passed to the "mixed contrast," which he showed to be of the greatest importance to salesmen and buyers, and easily understood after considering the other two contrasts. He gave two experiments to illustrate this contrast:—1st, he produced a yellow material, when immediately the eye generated a purple tint. Then he produced red, when the violet, hiding itself to the red, appeared quite dark or purplish. 2d, he showed how the beauty and intensity of each increased, if we viewed a red colour, and immediately afterwards a green, for in this case they are complementary. This application of the mixed contrast, Mr. Calvert showed had been of the greatest utility, in a mercantile point of view, to some of the leading and most extensive houses in France. Mr. Calvert next gave a very interesting and familiar description of the achromatic table, by means of which any person is able, at a glance, to ascertain the complementary of any colour, and also the tone to be employed; and showed that different colours have not only an action on themselves, but that their respective intensity had also a great influence, and that light green and dark red did not influence themselves as much as dark green and dark red, pink and light green, &c. The lecturer concluded his interesting and useful lecture, by showing that those laws of colour were not only useful to calico printers, painters, artists, &c., but to all manufacturers who are in the habit of using colours in any way.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

On New Year's night, an old man stood at the window, and cast a look of deep despair up to the unchanging, ever-blooming sky, and down upon the still, pure, snowy earth, on which now, no one was so bereft of joy as was he. For his grave stood close beside him. It was covered only by the snow of age, not by the verdure of youth, and he took nothing with him from this whole, rich life—nothing but errors, sins, and disease—an emaciated body—a dissolute soul—his bosom full of poison, and an old age full of repentance. The beautiful days of his youth were changed to-day into ghosts, and transported him back to that bright morning where his father had first placed him on the crossroads of life, which, to the right, upon the sunny road of virtue, leads into a wide, peaceful land, full of light, and harvest, and angels, and which, on the left drags down into the mole hills of vice, into a black cave, full of drooping poison, full of hissing snakes and black, hot vapours. Alas! the serpents clung around his breast, and the drops of poison were upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Unconscious, and with inexpressible grief, he lifted up his hands towards heaven, and exclaimed: "Oh, father, place me once more upon the crossroads, that I may choose otherwise!" But his father and his youth had long passed away. He saw ignis fatui dancing upon swamps and extinguished in churchyards, and he said: "They are my days of folly!" He saw a star fly from heaven; it glittered in its fall, and vanished on the earth. "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent teeth buried themselves deeper into his wounds.

His glowing imagination shewed him stealthy sleep walkers on the roofs; and

the wind-mill lifted up his arms ready to crush him, and a skull in the empty charnel house, by degrees assumed his features. In the midst of this convulsion the New Year's music suddenly floated down from the steeple, like distant church songs. His emotions became more tender; he looked around the horizon, and over the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who, now happier and better than he, were fathers of happy children and blessed men, and he said: "Alas! I too, like you, might have been sleeping with tearless eyes through this New Year's night if I had chosen. Alas! I might have been happy, dear parents, if I had fulfilled your New Year's wishes and admonitions."

In the feverish recollection of his youth, it appeared to him as if the skull with his features was arising in the charnel house; finally through the superstition which, in the New Year's Night, beholds spirits and futurity, it was converted into a living youth, like the beautiful youth on the capitol, extracting a thorn from his foot,* and bitterly his fancy shewed him his blooming figure.

He could view it no more; he covered his eyes—a thousand hot tears vanished in the snow; disconsolate and despairing, he sighed lowly—"Return, Oh! youth, return!"

And it did return; for he had only dreamed so horribly in the New Year's night—he was still a youth—his sins alone had not been a dream; but he thanked God that he, still young, had it yet in his power to withdraw from the filthy ways of vice, and to return to the sunny path which leads to the pure land of harvests.

Turn back with him, young reader, if you are standing in the path of error! This horrible dream, will, by and by become your judge; but if you should once cry out, in misery, "Return, beautiful youth!" it would never return.

IRISH DEVOTION.

RECORDER'S COURT.—Barney Carney.—Woman's devotion has ever been a beautiful theme for the sketcher of human character—it is, indeed, to his manuscript what bright tints are to the painter's picture—the harmonious and melting touches which renders the subject at all pleasing. To the bright list of names which have stood upon the catalogue of the world distinguished in all climes for that devotion which endureth unto the end, we beg leave to add Mrs. Carney, the better half of Barney Carney, Esq. On Sunday night Barney was arraigned at the request of Mrs. C., who stated that he had, in a drunken fit, abused her. Yesterday morning, before court opened, Barney had a few words talk with Mrs. C. through the bars of the picture gallery; and the black-guard, with his blaney, melted his wife Bridget into an "illegant" state of feeling towards himself. When the case was called Mrs. C. stood up by him, and listened with astonishment to the charge made that he had been abusing her.

"Is it me?" inquired she. Faix, Barney never bate me in his life; he's [the kindest craythur—barn] when he drinks—iver a dacant woman laid her nose up against' uv a could night."

"It is too late now to talk of his good qualities, says the Recorder; "we are about to try him for his bad ones."

"Divil a bad one he has, at all at all!" shouted Mrs. C.

"What caused that injury to your nose?" inquired the City Attorney, pointing to Mrs. C.'s damaged nasal organ, which looked like a red-skinned Mercer potato, badly squeezed at one end.

"It was Barney, the craythur, did it," answered she: "but it was accident—divil a thing else—he tried to give me a kis and because I wouldn't hould still, the raskin in his fun bit me nose."

"Witnesses here say that he beat you also," said the Recorder; "besides, he has been in the workhouse for the same offence before."

"Och, wouldn't some iv them swear till anything, yer worship?" exclaims the devoted Mrs. C. "It's jest the soft heart of Barney that iver gits him intill a scrape—sure, didn't a friend that's jist kem from the ould countr'y fall in wid him, and trate him till he couldn't tell his own Bridget from a piece of ham and eggs? But let him off this time, and I'll ingage to keep him straight in future."

"No," said his Honor, "I think we better send him out to Condon retreat for a week." He accordingly fined him three dollars.

"The onraisonable ould brute!" exclaimed Mrs. C. "Well, niver mind, Barney, dear," says she, in the next breath, to him: "bad cess to them, I'll go out and stay wid ye, darlint, if I have to get thrunk to get his anner's permission!" Devoted to the last!—Reveille.

PICKLES FOR PRIVATES, &c.

FORT ARKINSON, Iowa, December 19th, 1846
Editor's of the Reveille:—I have noticed in your spirited sheet many good and bad stories, told upon the volunteers, and in truth, they are queer chaps some of them, when you try to bring them up to walk the chalk of a regular soldier.

We were mustered into the "service" at this post, in July last, for peace and garrison purposes, and such other "odd jobs" as we might be called upon to do, in the way of running down Indians, detecting whisky sellers, and, generally speaking, to do the bidding of our masters. We have a good company, about seventy in number, principally composed of young men of the Territory, who have learned the drill and company evolutions astonishingly fast, and some of them have learned *sodgering* a leetle better. The citizens around, however, think they behave themselves much better than the regulars who were formerly stationed here. But *de lord* knows Old father Job, I am certain, never was an officer of a volunteer company serving in an army, or posted at a garrison. If he had been he never would have left this world with an enviable reputation for patience.

There is one thing about soldiers which is very remarkable—they all like rum!—and nave it they will, if the "devil stands at the gate!" Notwithstanding every effort is made to the contrary by the officers and police generally, "get liquor" they will, and how they get it is sometimes very amusing. A few days ago a countryman arrived at the garrison, with whom some of the soldiers appeared to be acquainted. He had a little two-horse wagon, in which was a variety of articles for sale—among the rest a barrel of pickles, intended as present to one of his soldier friends. A crowd soon gathered round to ascertain what was for sale, and great was the joy when they espied the pickles. Thinking that a whole barrel of such an article was rather extravagant for a small family, particularly when that family consisted only of one man, it occurred to me that it would be well enough to inspect the aforesaid pickles, (being acting Ass't Comm. of the post.) I, therefore, took up the fellow's gad, and gently inserted it into the bowels of the pickle barrel, and about half way down met a stubborn resistance from the head of a five-gallon keg of the best Cincinnati red eye, alias

* This statue is preserved on the capitol of Rome, and is next to the Apollo of Belvidere. It is considered one of the most perfect pieces of workmanship which antiquity has produced.

whisky—and none of your old stuff, neither, but *bran new*, lacking six days of being a week old! I immediately condemned the provisions to be *sour*, and unfit for issue to the troops, and had them sent to my quarters for safe keeping, until "Captain Tobin" and myself could agree upon some prudent plan of disposal.

Leprosy.—"When at daybreak we put out to sea, we were startled by hearing voices in a creek not far from that in which we had slept; and on rounding a rocky point of the island, saw the speakers—and a melancholy sight it was. There sat, drenched and shivering on the bare shore of this desolate islet, seven human beings in every stage of virulent leprosy. Three were far gone in the disease,—a woman and two men, apparently old. The men had lost their sight, and one was speechless; and all had lost the use of their extremities, which, indeed, appeared to have been eaten away. Two others had not lost the use of their hands; but their toes were gone, and they could scarcely walk. A fine young man and well-grown rather handsome girl remained, and at a distance appeared unharmed; but on nearer approach, the bandages on one foot of the female and over one eye of the youth told that the plague spot was upon them too. Their tale was a short one. They were a family of lepers, Greeks, from the island of Syme, who wandered from port to port in their boat, fishing and collecting alms. In the storm of the day before, they had been driven ashore in this little bay, and their boat lay much damaged on the beach. They had no means of lighting a fire, and no provisions. We gave them a light, and as much food as we could spare, which we placed on a rock, to be taken away by the younger and least afflicted of the party; adding, what they seemed to prize even more than food, a quantity of tobacco. Promising to inform their countrymen and others at Rhodes respecting their misfortunes, and to procure for them assistance if possible, we sailed away from this sad interview with the victims of one of the most hideous and incurable afflictions of humanity,—with many blessings for the poor lepers, and thankful for having been the means, through the accident of a storm in which we had nearly perished ourselves, of relieving, and possibly saving from a lingering death, these miserable people. Eventually, we had the pleasure of hearing in Rhodes that they were enabled to get their boat once more afloat, and to leave the desert rock on which they had been cast."—*Travels in Lucia*

A Juvenile Yankee Trick.—In the village of New Bedford, (says the Providence Herald,) the boys were in the habit of playing at ball. A cross-grained old chap, who kept a crockery store was somewhat annoyed by the juvenile sports; and whenever a ball came in his way would seize upon it, take it into his store, and clap it into the stove without ceremony. A few days since, having made a prize of one of the offensive articles in question, and adopted his usual course, he soon found he had "caught a Tartar." A horrible explosion took place—the stove was blown "sky high," the store was shattered with the shock—and about forty dollars worth of crockery was dashed in pieces! It is unnecessary to add, that the urchins who had so often been interrupted in their sports by "soursops" had charged their ball with gun powder, by way of a practical hint to the old fellow to let them alone in future.

"I noticed many things," said an American lady, of breeding and intelligence, to us the other evening, "in the speech of my countrymen and women, which sound strange to me, after a residence of twenty or thirty years in Her British Majesty's dominions. For example, I was in a small tradesman's shop in Broadway, a day or two since, when a man entered, to whom the shop-keeper said,

'How do you do?'

'Well,' said he.

'How's the wife?'

'Ditto!' he replied.

'And the two daughters?' continued the tradesman.

'Ditto, Ditto!' replied the other.

All this struck me as very day-book-and-ledger-ish. Presently the man took hold of the door to go out.

'Hang on, a minute,' said the shop-keeper, 'I want to talk to you; and he did "hang on" to the door, while the tradesman called to his daughter in the back-room to "come to him right away," which struck me as a contradiction in terms.'—*Knickerbocker*.

Olive Branch between France and England.—A present extraordinary to the King and Queen of the French was forwarded from London to Paris on the 21st of December, by the well-known gastronomic regenerator, Mons. Soyer, of the Reform Club, and was presented to their Majesties on the 24th in the morning, at the Palace of the Tuileries. Their Majesties were so delighted with the novelty and elegance of the composition, that, after a long examination, the King ordered it to be carried to the apartments of her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, who was exceedingly pleased with it, and afterwards the whole of the royal family was summoned to see this bouquet; the sight was so new and unexpected that it met with their unanimous approbation. His Majesty then observed that such a welcome and graceful present from a foreign country had never before penetrated through France to the palace of its kings. Immediately after, by the order of his Majesty, the sporting nosegay was carried by two gentlemen porters to the Council of Ministers, then sitting at the Tuileries, and was admired by every one. It is reported that his Majesty intends to have a similar bouquet carved in wood for ornamenting the grand sideboard of the magnificent banqueting hall of the palace. To give an idea of the composition of this splendid innovation the following description, perhaps, will be interesting to the public. The length of it was about ten feet, and wide in proportion. The frame was richly covered with Christmas holly, laurels, mistletoe, and evergreen, with a great variety of winter flowers. There were twenty-two heads of game, consisting of larks, snipes, woodcocks, black pivots, teal, French and English partridges, grouse, widgeons, wild ducks, black cocks, pheasants, a lapereau, a hare, and golden plovers; the interstices were lightly filled with wheat and oats, the whole ornamented with tri-coloured ribbons and small flags at the top—and to give a still more pleasing effect, fancy birds of beautiful plumage, so abundant in England, were spread in every part of this magnificent nosegay.

A Good 'Un.—The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells some good jokes on one of its friends who is styled the "Doctor." One of them is as follows:

"The Doctor had a way of claiming every body, who was at all distinguished, as a cousin, uncle, or other relative to himself. One day Jim asked him whether he knew one Joseph M——, of — county, Mo.? Of course the Doctor "didn't know any body else." Jim mentioned his occupation, described his personal appearance, spoke of his wealth; all agreed with the Doctor's views—it was his "own uncle, by his mother's side," he said. "I'm sorry I've bad news for you, Doctor," said Jim, deliberately drawing from his pocket a St. Louis paper, and reading an advertisement

of the Sheriff of — county, Mo., offering \$250 reward, for the arrest of Joseph M——, a forger, who had escaped from custody. There was no getting out of the scrape, and the Doctor again "stood treat all around."

Anecdote of the Duke Wellington.—The following is related by the correspondent of the Saturday Courier:—

"An incident much to the Duke's credit was mentioned to me as having taken place at a ball given at Apsley House. A few years since, soon after the statue of Napoleon had been placed at the foot of the grand stairway, some few ladies of high rank, on ascending to the ball room, intentionally or thoughtlessly threw over the out-stretched arm of the statue their costly cashmere shawls, intimating, by so doing, that if Napoleon were alive, his proper place would be, where his statue then stood, in the hall of his conqueror. In the course of the evening, the Duke, on descending the stairs, saw with indignation the insult offered to him in his own house, as he thought, and calling his body servant, ordered him to take charge of those shawls—pointing to the statue—and hold them until he called for them. As the ladies were surrounding the Duke, previous to their departure, he turned and whispered to a servant in waiting. Immediately the shawls were brought in, and the Duke, holding them up, stated what had occurred, and how deeply mortifying it was to his feelings—thought it was both indecorous and thoughtless, especially in his house, &c. The shawls were then sent to the ladies' drawing-room, and there remained, no one claiming them. After a few months had elapsed, and no one calling for the costly garments, the Duke sent them to auction, and the proceeds were placed in the funds of the Waterloo Orphan Society."

Here are a few items of English scandal, which we clip from the London correspondence of the Charleston Courier:—

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, you will perceive, is enjoying herself at Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, the first peer of the realm. I presume the honor is of his own seeking. But it is a costly one, and must fall heavily on a family reputed as not being over rich. I heard yesterday of an inkstand ordered by the duke, for the especial use of her Majesty on this visit—the material, malachite and gold—the expense, two thousand five hundred dollars! Though maids of honor, now-a-days, do not consume barons of beef and barrels of ale for breakfast, yet in magnificence these royal progresses will compare with those of good Queen Bess. If I have any lady readers, they will probably have heard of the Duchess of Sutherland, a sister of Lord Morpeth, and a woman celebrated for her wealth, her beauty, and her extravagance. I was told the other day by a Scotch lady, a descendant of Robert Bruce, and one who moves in courtly circles herself, that this fair duchess, on a visit of twenty-one days at Hamilton Palace, put on no less than seventy new dresses! that she regularly changed her costume four times a day, and that she paid one of her female attendants five hundred dollars a year, who was called her *combination maid*, and who, being gifted with exquisite taste and tact, was solely occupied in harmonizing or *combining* her various articles of dress, so as to produce a new and happy effect! This is a true report. Is it to be wondered at, that the Queen is said to be jealous of her?

A Crooked Subject.—A Matamoras correspondent of an Indiana paper, in giving a description of the Rio Grande river, says:

Imagine four of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and then fancy to yourself a large river *three times* as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this almighty crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can't find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together—but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpools in the bends, because they can't find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they start from, being deceived by the different crooks! Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it, and some of the b'hoys say it is so darned twisting there isn't but one side to it.

A Wild Swan.—In March, 1845, a wild swan visited the neighborhood of Lowry's Lake, and it having been observed that he desired to abide in that locality, the late Mr. M'Williams procured a female from a neighboring county and had her placed on the lake. Thus coupled, in the course of time there were four cygnets, the whole family being regularly fed by Mr. James Wilkin, of Lakeview, up to the commencement of the late frost, when he found it impracticable. Missing her regular allowance the female forsook her brood, and came direct to Mr. Wilkin's kitchen, where she was fed, after which an attempt was made to drive her back to the lake, but in vain; she resisted, literally rolling on her back, so that she was allowed to remain. On Friday last, when the thaw set in, the fugitive went back to her family, and on the following morning returned with the whole flock to the kitchen door, where they waited until they were fed. The wild swan never attempted to leave his mate, and has become quite domesticated.

Among the surprising number of proposals for floating off the *Great Britain*, there is one from Professor Wittinger, of the Malta university, which shows that her present unfortunate position has attracted the notice of mechanical men abroad.

It is asserted that Jenny Lind, the "Swedish nightingale," will shortly appear on an English stage.

It is said that Miss Susan Cushman, the celebrated *Juliet* to her sister's *Romeo*, has found a real Romeo, in the person of a young gentleman of Liverpool, to whom she will be shortly united.

"While looking at some ornaments in a fancy-store lately, the shopman, among other specimens of *vertu*, produced what he declared to be some perfect fac-similes of the celebrated Etruscan vases.

"But," said we, "have those antique vases retained that brilliancy of color and polish that these copies exhibit?"

"Well," he replied, evidently swelling with the fact, "in that respect we think these *ra-a-ther* beat the originals!"

Probability "ra-a-ther" favored that conclusion.—*Knickerbocker*.

An individual whose life has been spent, as Hood says, "far from the buzzy haunts of men," and who had acquired a high degree of verdancy, was dining last summer at the table of one of our largest hotels, when perceiving a bottle of wine standing opposite to the gentleman on his right hand, and supposing it to be public property, he helped himself to a glass of it as unceremoniously as if it had been so much water. The owner of the wine astonished at the rudeness of the proceeding, turned to the unsophisticated countryman, and with a look of utter amazement, remarked:

"Well, by Jove! *that's* cool!"

"Y-e-s," was the reply, "it's *pooty* cool; 'spect there's ice into it!"—*ib.*

Influence of Literature.—Literature, which lies much nearer to the feelings of mankind than science, has the most important effect on the sentiments with which the sciences are regarded, the activity with which they are pursued, and the mode in which they are cultivated. It is the instrument, in particular, by which ethical science is generally diffused. As the useful arts maintain the general honour of physical knowledge, so polite letters allure the world into the neighbourhood of the sciences of morals and of mind. Wherever the agreeable vehicle of literature does not convey their doctrines to the public, they remain as the occupation of a few recluses in the schools, with no root in the general feelings, and liable to be destroyed by the dispersion of a handful of doctors, and the destruction of their unlamented seminaries. Nor is this all:—polite literature is not only the true guardian of the moral sciences, and the sole instrument of spreading their benefits among men, but it becomes, from these very circumstances, the regulator of their cultivation and their progress. As long as they are confined to a small number of men in scholastic retirement, there is no restraint upon their natural proneness to degenerate either into verbal subtleties or shadowy dreams. As long as speculation remained in the schools, all its followers were divided into mere dialecticians, or mystical visionaries, both alike unmindful of the real world, and disregarded by its inhabitants. The revival of literature produced a revolution at once in the state of society, and in the mode of philosophising. It attracted readers from the common ranks of society, who were gradually led on from eloquence and poetry to morals and philosophy.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

A Poet's Retort.—Poor Dryden! what with his wife—consort one cannot call her, and help-meet she was not—and with a tribe of tobaccoist brothers on one hand, and proud Howards on the other; and a host of titled associates, and his bread to dig with his pen, one pities him from one's heart. Well might he, when his wife once said it would be much better for her to be a book than a woman, for then she should have more of his company, reply, "I wish you were, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year."—*William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

Foreign Summary.

The Pope has appointed a commission, consisting of persons of all classes, to open a subscription for the sufferers by the late inundation; and he himself has subscribed £800 from his private purse.

A Cutting Retort.—From another valet, Lord Thurlow received a still more cutting retort. Having scolded this meek man for some time, without receiving any answer, he concluded by saying, "I wish you were in hell." The terrified valet at last exclaimed, "I wish I was my lord! I wish I was!"—*Lord Campbell.*

Chalk is said to have been tried as an article of fuel with the most satisfactory results. Surrounded with coal, it gives a strong heat and a clear fire, at half the usual expense.

An American has proposed to cast ships in one piece, from an alloyed metal which, according to its discoverer, combines the strength of iron with the durability of copper.

According to Professor Gruithuisen, the time required for light to travel from the new planet (Le Verrier's) to the earth, is 4h. 21m. 19s. while light travels from the sun to the earth in 8m. 13s.

The French Northern Railroad Company has introduced a considerable improvement, by placing *chaufferettes* heated with hot water in the first class carriages. The experiment was first tried as far as Amiens, and, having succeeded perfectly, is to be continued to Brussels.

A pension of £50 a year has been granted to Margaret Turnbull, in consequence of the literary merits of her brother, the late Dr. Leyden; and a similar pension has also been granted to Mrs. Fanny Gurwood, in consequence of the literary merits of her husband, the late Colonel Gurwood, who edited the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.

A statue of Mrs. Siddons is to be erected in Westminster Abbey, and it is proposed to move that of John Philip Kemble, Flaxman's last work, from its present position in the north transept of the abbey, to some spot in the same building, where it can be seen by the side of the statue of Mrs. Siddons.

Mehemet Ali now wears a dress European in every particular, with the exception of the *tarboosh*; and all his officers, civil and military, have suffered a similar transmutation.

The Prussian government has, in order to check emigration to America, decided that the crown lands in Prussia and Posen, of which the leases fall in during the years 1847, 1848, and 1849, shall be set apart for persons who would otherwise be disposed to emigrate.

The inhabitants of Aberdeen appear determined to lead the way as social reformers. Their excellent schools for youthful vagrants have already been imitated in many towns, and an institution opened for reclaiming such juvenile delinquents as are brought to the police-office for the first time.

Since the late revolt in Galicia and the annexation of Cracow to the Austrian dominions, the circulation of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading German journal, and the only one freely admitted into Austria, has fallen from 20,000 to 9,000 copies, in consequence of its defending the conduct of the Austrian government in those transactions.

The inhabitants of the *Ghetto*, or Jewry, at Rome, having memorialised the pope for the enjoyment of equal rights to relief with the other inhabitants of the city, the pontiff ordered that relief should be afforded to needy Jews, as to their Christian brethren, from the funds of the *beneficenza*.

On Monday workmen commenced preparing a footing for the scaffold-poles in the open space west of the Horse Guards, for the Wellington statue, which is to be taken down forthwith from the triumphal arch at Hyde Park and subsequently placed upon an appropriate resting-place in the above locality.

The pope has abolished the tribunals specially charged with deciding on differences arising between individuals and the finance department. In the edict prescribing this measure, the pontiff declares that he has suppressed the tribunals in question, because the government was always, at the same time, judge and party.

The commission of legislation charged by the pope to prepare a new code, continues its labours actively. The Code Napoleon is to form the basis of the new legislation; but the laws of other countries are also carefully examined, with a view to render the work of the commission more complete.

The admiralty has suspended for six months the completion of the vessels intended to receive screw propellers. This delay is occasioned by the wish to have the results of further experiments, in order that the screw plan may be clearly established, previous to finishing the large number of vessels now in progress.

The destitution still advances, and "deaths by starvation" is a standing head in the newspapers. It is remarked as one of the strongest evidences of intense suffering, that emigration is still in progress from Sligo, even at this inclement season.

At Presentment Sessions, in Roscommon, Mr Fitzstephen French, M.P., announced that his brother, Lord de Freyne, is about to undertake the drainage and reclamation of waste lands to the extent of 150,000l.

The proprietors also, under the pressure of the immense unproductive expenditure, seem now disposed to avail themselves in good earnest of the provisions of the Summary Drainage Act. The landlords who had hitherto made the necessary arrangements under this act for draining their estates are the Earl of Devon, Mr. Waller of Finnoe, Mr. Storey of Kyle Park, Colonel Burton of Pettigo, Mr. Hamilton of St. Ernan's, and Mr. Wynne of Hazlewood; to these may now be added the Earl of Arran, the Marquis of Ely, Mr. Leslie, M.P., and some others, who have applied for the necessary advances.

Under the pressure of the increasing disorganization, and a growing conviction that it is really the intention of Government to enforce the repayment of advances from the Treasury, the landlords appear to be slowly but steadily awakening to a consciousness of the necessity for action.

Among the recent deaths is that of the aged Sir Charles Morgan. He died on the 5th instant, at his seat, Tredegar Park, in Monmouthshire: he had been seized with a severe attack of influenza, accompanied with fever about a fortnight since. Sir Charles was born on the 4th of February 1760, and had consequently nearly attained his eighty-sixth year. The title devolves upon the deceased's eldest son, the present Member for Brecon.

Mr. Rowland Hill's influence is already felt in the Post-office. Various alterations are announced. Among others, measures are taken for the earlier despatch of all the letters and newspapers posted over-night and before the first delivery in the morning. Extra sub-sorters will be appointed in the District Office. It is said that, very early in the ensuing year, the deliveries of letters will take place every hour; and that there will be additional sorting-offices arranged upon the "central" principle in several parts of the Metropolis, at points of despatch considered most eligible by the authorities. The Money-order department is to undergo an immediate reform. A new office is in preparation in Aldersgate Street for this branch of the service. Since the reduction of the commission on money-orders in November 1840, there has been a surprising increase of business: the number of orders issued and paid at the London Office in the quarter ending the 5th of April 1839, was 9,423—amount, £17,401; for the quarter ending 5th of April 1846, the number was 391,918—amount paid, £681,298.

The Parcel Post Company are about to adopt the penny system, and to convey to any part of London a package not exceeding eighteen ounces in weight for a penny.

A statue of Mrs. Siddons the great tragedian is to be placed in Westminster Abbey. The chosen sculptor is Mr. Thomas Campbell; who has just finished the model.

We are sorry to learn that the children of the late Thomas Hood are, in consequence of the death of their last remaining parent, left entirely dependent upon the small fund, amounting, we believe, to about £800., collected by public subscription at the period of Mr. Hood's death. The pension of £100. granted by Sir Robert Peel ceases with the decease of Mrs. Hood, who lived but a twelvemonth to enjoy it. We believe that Lord John Russell has already been applied to by the friends of the family to continue the pension to the children; but his Lordship has intimated his inability to comply with the request, since the pension becomes, by the death of Mrs. Hood, the property of the public. We feel confident that the wishes and intentions of the public will be best answered by a new grant of the same trifling amount to the orphans, to whose departed and highly-gifted parent that public owes so large a debt of gratitude.—*Times.*

The Gazette announces that Major-General Pasley has received the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath.

By a warrant of the 31st October, a pension of £50 a year has been granted to Margaret Turnbull, widow of the late James Turnbull, for the literary merits of her brother, the late Dr. Leyden; and by another warrant of a like date, a pension of £50 a year to Mrs. Fanny Gurwood, for the literary merits of her husband, the late Colonel Gurwood.

The *Times* puts forth the following statement as being understood to embody the conditions upon which the Board of Control and the Directors of the East India Company have at length decided on sanctioning the introduction of railway communication into British India—

1. The Direct Trunk, or East India line, is adopted.
2. This line (which connects Calcutta with the North-west Provinces) is to be constructed in sections.
3. The Government guarantee 4 per cent to the shareholders.
4. The amount guaranteed is fixed at £3,000,000, to commence with.
5. The section out of Calcutta to be first executed.
6. The guarantee to extend over fifteen years.
7. The rates of payment to be made by the Government for transport of mails, troops, stores, &c., to be agreed upon hereafter.
8. The interest to be received either in India or in London, at the option of the shareholders, as soon as £500,000, is paid into the India House.
9. The land to be obtained by the Government for the railway company.
10. Government to have the privilege of purchasing the railway after thirty years from the date of its completion, at the then fair market value of the property.
11. No limitation is to be fixed to the profits of the company, but the rates of charges are to be reduced when the returns admit of it.
12. It is also understood that no rates or tolls will be assessed upon the railway company, and that the import-duties on the stock and materials for the railway will be remitted.
13. The company to be incorporated by an act of the Legislative Council, as well as by charter.

The *Times* makes an important announcement of the complete success of a plan for preventing incrustations on the boilers of steam engines—

The water employed to be converted into steam, as is familiarly known to every one who uses a tea-kettle, leaves an incrustation on the vessel—carbonate of lime. This is a source of great danger with boilers; causing explosions, "by forming a layer of conducting matter between the metal and the fluid to be heated, and thus allowing the temperature of the former to rise to a

high point, even to redness. The metal oxidizes rapidly at this temperature; and the boiler is thereby weakened and rendered incapable of sustaining the necessary pressure. But a more fruitful cause of accidents is the sudden removal of portions of incrustation, when the metal expands on the attainment of the high temperature: the water is thereby brought in contact with the heated metal, and evaporation takes place so suddenly as to resemble the evolution of gases from the firing of gunpowder. Indeed, the results in both cases are identical." To avoid this peril, as far as practicable, the water, when it becomes dense, is frequently "blown off," or driven out of the boiler. But this is only a partial remedy; and the crust has to be removed by means of the hammer and chisel, to the injury of the vessel. About two years ago, Dr. Ritterbandt discovered a cure for this. He found that, "by introducing muriate of ammonia into a boiler containing water holding lime in solution, the carbonate of lime, instead of depositing when the carbonic acid by which it was held in solution was expelled at a high temperature, became converted into muriate of lime, a substance eminently soluble; while the carbonate of ammonia, likewise formed by the double decomposition, passed off with the steam, so that the boiler could not foul. The process is equally applicable to fresh and salt water." It has also resulted in dissolving the crust formed before its application. It is still necessary to blow off the water occasionally, but only to the extent of one-fourth of what is requisite without Dr. Ritterbandt's invention. The *Times* has tried the plan on its own boilers, and a twelvemonth has fully proved its efficacy.

It is stated that the Bey of Tunis has offered to Louis Philippe the celebrated Cleopatra's needle; and that the gift has been accepted, and will be conveyed to Paris, and placed in the centre of the Carrousel.

A curious instance of toleration took place in Dantzic on the 5th instant. Dr Grabowski, the Lutheran pastor, at the baptism of his son, chose six godfathers from the different religious sects of that capital; one Lutheran, one free Protestant, one Roman Catholic, one German Catholic, one Calvinist, and one Jew. — *Galignani's Messenger*.

We have been informed that two operations were performed by Mr. Liston, at the University College Hospital, on Saturday last, while the patients were under the stupefying influence of vapour of ether. The one was amputation of the leg, the other, evulsion of the nail of the great toe. The vapour of ether was inhaled by means of a proper apparatus, and when it had produced its full effect the operation was speedily performed. Neither of the patients knew, when they recovered from their stupor, that the operation had been performed. Mr. Liston observed, that the vapour of ether had been used for a similar purpose in America, but only in minor operations, such as the removal of tumours, &c. We hope to have further particulars on this very interesting subject. — *Medical Times*.

The inhabitants of Dunfermline and the western districts of Fife got up a dinner to Lord Elgin on the 16th December, on the occasion of his departure for Canada. In returning thanks, Lord Elgin gave the following outline of what he considered to be his public responsibilities—

"To watch over the interests of those great offshoots of the British race which plant themselves in distant lands; to aid them in their efforts, and extend the domain of civilization; and to fulfil that first behest of a benevolent Creator to his intelligent creatures, 'Subdue the earth'; to abet their generous endeavour; to impart to these rising communities the full advantages of British laws, British institutions, and British freedom; to assist them in maintaining unimpaired, it may be in strengthening and confirming, those bonds of mutual affection which unite the parent and the dependent states: these are duties not to be lightly undertaken, and which may well claim the exercise of all the faculties and energies of an earnest patriotic mind."

Tuesday's Gazette announced the appointment of Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, to be Governor and Commander-in-chief in the island of Newfoundland and its dependencies.

The Reverend H. M. Walker, of Oriel College, Oxford, and the Reverend F. Laing, of Queen's College, Cambridge, made their public profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and were received into that Church, on Sunday the 20th December, at Oscott College.

Major-General William Napier has addressed the following characteristic denial to the *Times*—"In your paper of the 23d instant there is a letter on the Scinde prize-money, containing the following passage—'Rumour says, Sir C. Napier has received his share.' This 'rumour,' Sir, is a lie, propagated by persons at Bombay, who are striving to cheat Sir C. Napier and his army of their prize-money. It is one of a thousand lies from the same quarter; the authors of which, notwithstanding their high situation shall one day be exposed as they deserve."

The *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg mentions that the protests of M. Guizot and Lord Palmerston had been received by the Russian Government, and that the former was much more energetic than that of the British Minister.

Paris, Dec. 16.—During the past week there have been hard battles at Reims and at Nantes among the free-trade and protectionist parties. In a first meeting of the traders and merchants of Reims, the prohibitionists were in a majority for the nomination of the *Bureau*, but that success was obtained by surprise. In a second meeting, which took place on the 9th instant, the fight was fought again, and a considerable majority was declared in favour of free trade. The committee on which the protectionists were in a majority proposed a resolution, in which the first paragraph ran thus:—

"The industry and trade of Reims protest energetically against the free-trade system, which sooner or later, shall needs deliver up the French market to rival nations."

Instead of that paragraph, which was negatived, the meeting adopted the following resolution:—

The undersigned resolve that the present system of customs ought to be revised during the next parliamentary session, in the sense of suppression of prohibition, and of the gradual reduction of all the high duties.

Almost at the same moment, a contrary opinion was adopted by the Nantes traders and merchants. The majority negatived a resolution by which they were to unite their efforts to those of the Parisian Free-trade Association.

Experiments in Gun Cotton.—Since the experiments recorded in a recent publication of our paper, we have received the following information from Mr. Halliday, of experiments made with a superior gun cotton to that used previously:—Fifteen grains in a common fowling-piece, projected a ball at fifty yards through three boards, each 1½ inch thick, the latter board being covered with copper 1-16 inch thick. Between the first and second board there was a space of 36 inches; between the second and third, 44 inches; the latter resting against a gate from which a portion of the spars were broken, the ball pro-

jecting it to some distance: the ball could not be found. Eight grains at the same distance, and with the same boards situated as before, sent a ball through the first board into the second, which had a cross bar of the same thickness as the board, making 4½ inches altogether, and was stopped by an iron bar; the ball when taken out was found slightly injured. Three grains, in one of Edge's rook rifles, sent a ball, at a distance of 25 yards, through a 1½ inch board. Experiments were also tried in the Ardwick lime pits, when it was found, after several trials, that 222 grains of gun cotton produced a better effect than four ounces (1,750 grains) of the usual gunpowder employed in mining operations. So we may safely estimate the power of the gun cotton as eight times stronger than gunpowder. Another remarkable fact with regard to this material is, that when exposed to a temperature of from 200° to 300° or if kept at the latter temperature for a short time, the cotton becomes brown, and loses its property of explosion: but if thrown into a vessel heated to 350° it immediately explodes. Steaming it, as calico printers steam their cloth, has no effect upon it; if any, its efficacy is increased. The acids used (equal mixtures of nitric and sulphuric acids) were as strong as they could be made, and used only in such proportions as would wet the cotton employed. This is the most difficult part of the operation, and requires dexterity in the management, as the cotton is apt to take fire unless it is speedily saturated with the acid. This circumstance, we fear, will prove a practical difficulty in the manufacture of this article on a large scale.

Italy.—Popular Feeling.—Letters from Italy announce that the union of Cracow to Austria had produced a very lively impression throughout the whole Peninsula, and appeared to have aroused with new energy all the former sentiments of dislike and distrust of the Austrians. These sentiments manifested themselves in a bolder and more significant manner than on any previous occasion. They still remember, at Genoa, that on the 5th of December, 1746, the Austrian troops which occupied that town were driven out by a popular insurrection. At the last meeting of the scientific congress, it had been proposed to celebrate this event by a *fete*, but the Sardinian government would not authorize the execution of the project. On the 5th, however, many meetings were held at Genoa, and toasts of the most violent character to the independence of Italy, accompanied by cries of "Down with the Austrians," were drunk with great applause. In the evening, the mountains which surround Genoa, were at the same moment covered with bonfires, and at the same time a similar illumination extended over the whole chain of the Apennines from Genoa to Florence and Bologna, in the direction of Rome and Naples, and, doubtless, also to Calabria. At Florence, independently of the bonfires which crowned all the neighbouring heights, they had lighted some in the two *Places* of the town. About 50 persons, appearing to belong to the comfortable classes, danced and sang around the bonfires. The next morning placards were found in almost every quarter, on which were printed, in large red letters, "Death to the Germans." They had even affixed one of these placards to the house of the Austrian minister, and a body of singers chanted a *de profundis* before his gate. All these demonstrations were unaccompanied by any other outrage. — *Times*.

Sir Walter Scott.—We have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Madras, written by a soldier in the 15th Hussars to his father in this town, which states that the health of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Scott is in a most precarious state. His medical attendants have ordered him to Europe, yet they are afraid to move him, lest he should expire before embarkation. The expected demise of this generous officer and accomplished gentleman has caused a general gloom through the presidency. — *Drogheda paper*.

Results of Free Trade.—Several influential proprietors are about to proceed to Jamaica, and other places where their plantations are situated, for the purpose of assuring themselves by personal inspection, and we trust also by a residence of some years, of the prospect there may be of making West India estates pay; for this, with many, is still held to be an unsolved problem. The number of persons going to the colonies, including some of rank and title, is said to have exceeded the facilities offered by the now favourite means of transport, steam; and many individuals will be compelled to wait, probably for some weeks, ere they can take their departure. — *Times*.

Treatment of Jews in Hanover.—An act of barbarity has recently been perpetrated in Germany, against a Jew, which, to a certain extent, is unparalleled in modern history. We call it unparalleled, because it did not proceed from a frantic mob, but from a deliberate government—because it did not originate in a heated populace, but was executed under the cover of the law. We abridge the melancholy particulars from *Der Jude*. Shulm Moses, a Jew of about fifty years of age, was a native of Germany; but his father having died in his infancy, and he himself having, with his mother (who married a second time), led a wandering life for many years, he could never ascertain his birth-place. He subsequently settled in the kingdom of Hanover, married, and became the father of three children. Having, in the spring of last year, come under judicial examination, he could not prove his country, and thus became, as it is termed in the German law, homeless. Shulm, after a fortnight's imprisonment, was released, receiving orders to leave the country, and under penalty of corporal punishment never more to enter it. No regard was paid to his representation that, having been settled in the country for nearly half a century, and not knowing his native country, the neighbouring governments would send him to the state whence he came, viz. Hanover. He was first sent into the grand duchy of Oldenburg, the authorities of which immediately sent him back to Hanover. Having thus, though involuntarily returned into the country, the penalty of corporal punishment was inflicted, and he himself then sent into the neighbouring duchy of Brunswick. The authorities returned him again into Hanover, and the poor wretch underwent a second time the degrading punishment for an involuntary act. Upon this he was sent into Prussia, but again returned, and was again punished. It was a heart-rending scene to behold the miserable Shulm in the midst of the winter, on foot, laden with the few things he still possessed, hunted about by the authorities from place to place, and followed on foot by his wife, with a babe at her breast, and two little children, one of five and the other of four years old. At last, when no country would receive him, he was kept in custody at Hoya, in Hanover. It was in vain that a humane lawyer, Opperman, applied for him to the Diet of Frankfurt; he received no answer; and equally unsuccessful at first was the application of Shulm to government for means to enable him to go to America. His benefactor then opened a subscription, when the public showed itself more humane than the government. The latter, however, at last came forward, and the miserable wretch was enabled to embark at Bremen for America. Throughout the whole transaction, it is not the people of Hanover, but the government, that has behaved most inhumanly.

The rite suttee has been prohibited in the Rajpoot State of Joypore, by an unanimous voice of the regency.

*. NOTICE.—We would take leave to inform J. H. Stuart, who some time since acted as Agent for us in Vermont, that he is a defaulter on our books—we trust it will not be necessary to take any further steps to procure a settlement. There is one or two other Agents with whom we would desire a settlement, and we hope this hint will be sufficient, without speaking more plainly.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

One would be inclined to suppose that the whole world, by a general inspiration, had become suddenly aware of the value of practical education, for both in the old world and in the new there is an appearance of anxiety on the subject, which must lead to action thereon, notwithstanding that the soil for the cultivation of this remarkable plant is very different between the two continents, and time and experiment only can point out which is the more genial.

In either part of the world there are difficulties to be surmounted which will make the settlement of the question an arduous task. In the first place, where the union of Church and State is a *sine qua non*, those who are of dissenting persuasions from the national faith will be inclined to combine to keep down the influence of the dominant church, of which, very naturally, they will be jealous; and it is much to be feared (for we see it every day) that those who live in a country where there is no ascertained State religion will be careless about pushing energetically the progress of popular education, except such as is necessary in the affairs of the world.

The fact is, that education ought to include the framing of the youthful mind, in the disposition, the temper, the morals of each individual, as well as to that information which tends to the advantage or to the adornment of mortal career, and above all (except piety and the duty to God), that which shall tend most successfully to train the pupil to be a good, patriotic, and useful citizen, a good member of society, in the generation in which that pupil shall live.

Now there are matters, hardly attainable generally by a Church and State government, for all the party have a tendency to oppose each others' endeavors and effects, for the leaven of jealousy is in all men's minds, and there is a proneness rather to thwart others than to be good and useful in the abstract; and where there is no such association as Church and State, the education is rather, that which shall, in common opinion, tend to the temporal welfare of the pupil than any other.

The only way then, it seems to us, is to let denominations and private individuals or societies be the educators prescribing by the state what shall be indispensable, and taking proper securities and using proper means that these shall be fully complied with, fully reported, and all that is important made public. In this case, there should be no dogmata insisted upon, but leave parents and guardians to take their own way of giving religious instruction, either by the usual pastors of different denominations, by teachers, by private helps, or otherwise, only the government taking especial care that sound religious instruction, in some form not radically wrong, be not omitted altogether.

This last is the real difficulty in the case, and would that the conscientious would resolve that this wall of difference could be broken down, and not suffer the young to be neglected, whilst the old differ about unimportant points of belief.

It is good to observe how the age is advancing. Lord Grey has proposed a constitution for New Zealand, in which he turns out all the trashy regulations of Lord Stanley (the man who was said to have his peerage that he might assist the Duke of Wellington in the debates in the upper house). But, like the father (the late Lord Grey), he seems to have a regard to his order, and in his idea of subordination, he will not allow of Lieut. Governors communicating directly with the home Government; the Gov.-General of the Colony of New Zealand is to have that privilege; but he suggests the propriety of a local, responsible government.

The letter to which we not long since alluded of Lord John Russell has been already pretty effective in leading the Irish Landlords to lay out money on their estates, which will have the effect of providing employment, at the same time renders the lands more valuable.

Where can the *dishonest*—we coolly and deliberately use this word—protectionists hide their heads, when the fact is made manifest, as it is, that the dying, through destitution, is every where and daily instanced, and that they (the protectionists) had the hardihood, publicly, to say that the Free Trade advocates were alarmists, and made allegations of distress in Ireland which were known to be either exaggerated or untrue? But the day of those protective people is gone by, and they are either subject to the general derision or to the general indignation.

It is a curious fact in the nineteenth century, and one which declares the semi-barbarism of the Russians, that one of their modes of subjugating the Poles should be that of trying to suppress the language of the latter, that the vernacular shall not be countenanced, that the tuition of it be suppressed in the schools, that the legal proceedings be in Russian, and so forth. A short recollection might inform them that this could not be done by the Normans on the oppressed Saxons even in the 11th and 12th centuries, although the Saxon language was considered a harsh and barbarous one; how much then will be the tacit opposition of the present day, when we know that there are numerous Poles in a high state of civilization and refinement, that the Polish itself is a dialect of Latin, not far removed from that of that mother-tongue, and that

the people will be the more coerced into its preservation, by the opposition and attempts of their arbitrary ruler?

Here is another slip in the Philosophy of Dr. Lardner, and we should like to hear the learned gentleman's explanation of the matter. In one of the lectures of Dr. Lardner in America was an assertion that there is no Planet in our Solar System beyond the Georgium Sidus, or by whatever other popular name it is best known, and shewing *why there cannot be any*. The lecture has scarcely done sounding in our ears when the account comes forth of the discovery of the planet by Le Verrier.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

The concerns of Education and of its consequences on Society begin now to occupy much attention in the world; and under this consideration public libraries are of very great consequence. They not only preserve the literary tastes which have been formed in the latter part of our youth, but they take up the matter where the school or the college lies it down, and foster what the school has planted. There are several which deserve the most respectable mention in this city, but we shall for the present confine ourselves to the Library whose name stands at the head of this paragraph, and which is well worthy the admiration and encouragement of New York and its vicinity. It is well and centrally situated, it is reasonable in its terms, it is large and select in its contents, and it has the advantage of a librarian, P. Forbes, Esq. who for knowledge of Bibliography, for attention to the wants and convenience of its members, and for general method and order is not to be surpassed anywhere.

There have been added lately thereto about a thousand volumes of French Books; forming a complete collection of the best works in French History, and Memoirs, &c., with a selection of Belles Lettres, &c. &c. The most prominent are "La Biographie Universelle" in about 80 vols., the most perfect work of reference on Biography extant. The great work, begun by the Society of Useful Knowledge, broke down that valuable Society at the completion of the first letter of the alphabet, which occupied 7 vols.; and the enormous expense of English books compared with continental, must, until a reform take place, always mar the success of such property. Hence La Biographie is important and, we may almost add, indispensable. "Memoires pour servir l'etude de l'Histoire" from the earliest period of French History down to the beginning of the Revolution, in 30 vols. royal 8vo. The Memoirs of Eminent Characters, who figured during the Revolution, by themselves and others, in 53 vols. 8vo. The Parliamentary History of the French Revolution, 40 vols. 8vo. "Revolutions de Paris," a contemporary journal of events in 17 vols. 8vo. "Causes Celebres" both series, in 43 vols. 8vo. All the most remarkable Trials of the French Courts, The leading Historians, such as, Sismondi, Michelet, Montgalliard, Monteil, Dulaure, Barante, Louis Blanc, Capefigue, Thierry, Thiers, Guizot, &c. &c. The Histories and Biographies of the Consulate and Empire, including Thibaudeau, Bachaumont, Bausset, Bourienne, D'Abrantes, Rovigo, Suchet, Gourgaud, Montholon, Las Casas, Bonn Fain, &c. &c. &c. The best editions of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Casimir Delavigne, &c. &c. The Writings of Villemain, Vic. Cousin, P. Merimee, Chenier, De Vigny, P. Jacob, St. Beuve; a selection from Balzac, G. Sand, Dumas, and other novelists. "Les Lettres Edifiantes," &c. The celebrated "Jesuit Missionary Lettres" from all parts of the world, and "Annales de Musee" in 40 vols. forming a complete series of all works of art ever exhibited in the Louvre, including the great collection of Napoleon, obtained in his Wars, many of which were afterwards taken back to the former proprietors. "L'Art de Verifier les Dates" the three series complete. This is the best book of Chronological reference yet published. "La France Litteraire" 13 vols. 8vo. embracing nearly every book ever published in the French language, and forming the most satisfactory Bibliographical work ever published. A new invoice has just been opened which includes "Les Annales de Chimie" in upwards of one hundred volumes, a work invaluable for scientific references. The works of Dumas, Payen, &c. on Chemistry, the Lives of Raphael, M. Angelo, the Architects, &c. by De Quincy, and the great work of Montfaucon on Antiquity, in 15 vols. folio, with very perfect plates. Besides these there have been added during the past year, a thousand volumes of other books, including the best works published in America, with a selection of English literature among them. And a set of the far famed Delphin classics in 141 vols.

We always find a gratification in passing a few hours at this excellent library, where, besides the library proper, there is a very large and spacious reading room, where may be found all the newspapers and periodicals of the day, two rooms also into which any member may retire who wishes to consult any work not allowed to be sent out, or to extract any passages in scarce works; the whole is warmed and rendered comfortable, there is no noise or disorder on the premises, and the oftener we go the more strongly are we impressed with the utility of the institution, and the propriety every member must feel in doing his utmost for the advancement of such a cause as literature, science, knowledge, and—let it not be forgotten—good society, as is here to be found.

Our correspondent who forwards to us his "Trip to the South" has inadvertently made a mistake in which he speaks of "The Lutheran Church." Another correspondent sends us the following, to correct that statement, to which we readily give insertion:—

CHARLESTON, Jan. 21, 1847.

Editor "Anglo American"—Sir:—In "A trip to the South," in your paper of Saturday the 16th, is the following passage:—"One of the prettiest objects I saw at Charleston was the Lutheran Church; and what added much to its beauty was a row of white and yellow flowers running round the building, at a distance of six or eight feet," &c. &c. &c. The writer is mistaken, as the edi-

since alluded to is the *Huguenot Church*, which was erected about two years since, the congregation of which is composed of the descendants of the Huguenots who sought refuge in Carolina between the years 1685 and '90, just after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the time of its organization, more than a century ago, the services (written) were conducted in the French Language. In process of time, as the original founders died out, their descendants (living in an English colony) became merged into other communions, and for many years the services were discontinued. The corporation, however, still existed, and the funds were zealously and carefully looked after. A few years since a translation of the Liturgy was made by a committee appointed for the purpose out of the corporation, consisting of Thomas Quirke, Elias Horry, and Geo. W. Cross, now all deceased, and subsequently a re-organization of the corporation or congregation determined on. In order to carry out the plan efficiently it became necessary to remove the old and inconvenient structure, which had gone much to ruin and decay, and to substitute for it a larger and more commodious edifice. This has been done, and to the taste of our accomplished native architect, Mr. Edward B. White, are we indebted for one of the most chaste and beautiful edifices which adorn our city. To our worthy townsman, Dan'l Ravenel, Esq., must be allotted the praise of having excited a lively interest in the cause, and to his zeal is to be attributed the formation of a congregation who now worship on the same spot and in the spirit if not in the language of their forefathers. The congregation have been exceedingly fortunate, too, in securing the services as pastor of the Rev. C. W. Howard who has, united in his character, all those qualities which tend to render him an efficient minister at the altar of the Most High.

A descendant of a
HUGUENOT.

Fine Arts.

National Academy of Design.—The Council have issued their usual circular to the Artists on the approach of their annual exhibition, which they intend to open this year a month earlier than usual, or about the first of April. An attractive exhibition is anticipated, which, *deo volenti*, we will examine and report in detail.

American Art Union.—The pictures lately distributed by this institution having been mostly dispatched to the lucky owners, the rooms have assumed the quiet usual at this season. There are but few pictures yet on the walls, two or three of which we notice, as follows:—

Janetta Falls, N. J., by J. F. Cropsey, is a large upright picture about five feet by four feet, representing a rocky, woody dell with a lively little fall of water on the left, and a single figure perched on a rock midway up, pencil in hand. There is a greater breadth of touch here than is usual in Mr. Cropsey's pictures, and more free handling, while at the same time the different parts bear evidence of careful study. The masses of rock, for example, are so well relieved, that we almost imagine we could creep under them. The moss on the rocks seems to us a little too raw, though the general harmony of color is excellent; yet take it all in all, we think it the best picture he has painted, and would be an acquisition to any collection. His "*Nameless River*" though a good picture in many respects, we do not like so well; it is too spotty, and the reflex much too strong. Mr. Cropsey, it is understood, has received a commission for some pictures of Scottish Scenery, and will embrace the opportunity afforded him of visiting the principal galleries of England, France and Italy. He will leave New York on the first of May next.

The Greek Lovers, by H. P. Wray, is the most recent picture from this artist's easel. In size it is about three feet by four feet, representing two half length figures in classic drapery. On the left, the male figure, resting on a piece of ruin, seems absorbed in melancholy thought; on the right, the female, seated, with Cithern in hand, endeavors to recal her lover to a happier state of mind and consciousness of her presence, at once suggesting the words of the story, "Oh! cast that shadow from thy brow." There is really a great deal of sweet expression in the face of the heroine; and no one will fail to perceive the improvement in color when contrasting it with former works of this artist. The drapery is also well managed. The landscape is very inferior, and reminds us strongly of some of the originals of the "*Old Masters*," sometimes to be found at Levy's. We hope to see this remedied in his next. The picture is merely on exhibition for a few days, being the property of A. M. Cozzens, Esq., a gentleman of known taste, and great liberality in the arts.

The Seasons, by R. Gignoux, is a series of four circular pictures, about two feet in diameter. With a greater degree of finish than is usual in Gignoux's works, they combine truth of nature and pleasing composition, and are admittedly his best pictures. The first of the series in particular, where

"The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
'Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,"

has elicited much commendation, and their removal will be a loss to the room. The pictures are the property of E. Dechaux, Esq., a gentleman well known to the artists of this country, and who will shortly carry them to Paris with him. Mr. Gignoux is about to set out for Niagara, to make a sketch of the Falls in all their wintry grandeur.

Captain Walker's Encounter with the Ranchero, is from the pencil of Charles Deas, of St. Louis, and represents, as the title indicates, an incident in the life of that personage. The picture is kitcat size, has all the force, boldness and freedom of drawing and color characteristic of this artist's works, and though the subject may not be so desirable for a permanent collection, it will doubtless find a ready purchaser. Mr. Deas, our readers may not be aware, is a candidate to fill the vacant panel in the Capitol at Washington, which was to have

been filled by the late lamented Inman. The subject which he proposes to paint, is "General Clarke breaking up the council with the Shawanees," a sketch of which has been submitted to the Committee of Congress. A friend, in whose judgment we have very great confidence, in speaking of the subject, says, "after maturely considering this design, it seems to present every essential for a great historical work." And, again, another who has also seen the sketch writes, "the subject is one of such surpassing excellence in a historical point of view (independently of its claim to attention as affecting materially the early destinies of the West) that it seems surprising that it has not been treated, long ago, by our artists. Without deviating from the record, the transaction presents itself in all the essentials of expression, action, form, color, light and shade, costume, &c. everything is supplied by the literal facts as they occurred." Mr. Deas is, we understand, a young man of good family and education; he is said to be modest and unassuming in his deportment, and standing, as he does, high in his profession, it would be gratifying indeed to a very large circle of friends, and in fact to the whole west, who claim him as their own, should he be selected.

The Eagle's Nest, is a late picture by that promising young artist, William Ranney, and is particularly remarkable for its originality. On a pyramidal point of rock on which is the Eagle's nest, is seen a hunter clinging to the face of the precipice, and defending himself with the remains of his rifle from the attack of the king of birds, which, in protection of its young, darts upon him. Beneath, on a jutting point of crag lies his dead mate. The rock strikes the eye as being too artificial; nevertheless, it is a good exhibition picture, showing much talent. The artist must mature his subjects well, giving greater depth of color, and strength of touch. His "*Washington on his mission to the Indians*," promises to be a superior picture.

There are two copies from *Salvator Rosa*, by George L. Brown of Florence, which possess considerable interest as being correct transcripts of the master.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—That very excellent actress, Mrs. Vernon, a cleverer artist than most of the "Stars" who win golden opinions and get golden rewards, took her benefit recently, when she played the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*; and a pupil of hers played (for the first time on any stage in public) the arduous character of Juliet. The performance of the latter, without reference to the fine appreciation, of Mrs. Vernon generally, was sufficient proof of the benefice's talent, and yet, what was the consequence? Just the fate that is usual in New York. It was no benefit in reality. Mrs. Vernon is a stock actress here, and it is not the *Fashion* to patronize the benefit of any but a star. Hence though she is a clever actress, nay almost indispensable at the Park, and all who are of an audience there admire and approve her, no sooner does she present herself, as it were personally for their approbation, than all resolve to keep away. How, in the name of wonder, can artists arrive at excellence? There is cold water, instead of coals thrown on the fire, to put heat out rather than increase the glow. But *fashion* reigns and *taste* is as yet unborn here, as a proof of which take the following. The Italian dancers appeared on Monday evening. They are certainly graceful and artistical and we would be far from denying them the applause and merit which is their due. But on the first night of their appearance a wreath was thrown on the stage, as a mark of approval and admiration. Did the bestower take a wreath from the adorning of any head? No such thing. The wreath was brought to the theatre, and shews a foregone conclusion that it should be given; and it was *Fashion* gave the prize, not *Taste*.

Mrs. Hunt was the *Romeo* of the performance, this actress is of the same community as the bully Bottom of Shakespeare. She will play any part of any play, so that it be of consequence enough, and probably would willingly play all, if it were possible. Besides she can "roar you an 'twere any nightingale, she can roar you an 'twere any sucking dove," but she cannot be great, save in such characters as *Fortunatus*, and then it is by forgetfulness of her sex, and a bronze front which, to us at least, is against her claims to excellence.

Italian Opera.—The first performance of "*Nina, Pazza per amore*" was postponed on Wednesday night; the alleged reason was the indisposition of Sanquirico, we fear the real reason to have been the tempestuous day which had been experienced, but which was much better towards night. It may seem uncharitable to hope that the real reason was given, for we should otherwise have to ask why a troupe of foreign artists have a right to disappoint the public, who had assembled in tolerably large numbers, and according to the etiquette of the Italian opera, were dressed, and had the expense, &c. of the carriages which we saw about the door?

The Bowery Theatre.—This house has Miss Mary Taylor for its chief attraction at present. She is as good an actress as we have known her, but she is not improving much. Her best character is —, and she sang some of the music of the really good composer Stephen Storace very well, in the operatic farce of "*No song no supper*." But the Bowery has recently brought out the *olla podrida* English version of "*Cinderella*," and though she sings her part very well, she is exceedingly ill supported by the other parts of the cast, and Mr. Hunt, as the prince, is really and positively bad.

The Olympic Theatre.—Whilst its representations are broad farce, extravaganza, mythological humour, or travestie, it is, without a rival, the best establishment in America. But when it tries the upper rank of the drama, or opera, it fails. It was in a measure sustained when there was brought out the "*Amilie*," "*Cinderella*," "*Les Noces de Figaro*," &c. some time ago when there were a few in the establishment who could partially keep up to such performances; but even then it was only tolerated not approved, but now there is not one, not even Walcott himself, who is able to do opera, and such matters had therefore

better be avoided. Stick to the staple of this house, and it will be sure to succeed; stretch beyond that and the Olympic will lose its well deserved and hard-earned reputation.

American Museum.—We should improperly leave out an amusement which at present deserves much notice, did we not remark upon the appearance here of Dr. Edson, (brother to the generally celebrated Calvin Edson, so well known under the cognomen of the Living Skeleton,) who is really a greater prodigy than his late brother, and in the same way. Dr. Edson is a well-educated and much respected Physician, born in Vermont; he is taller than the celebrated Living Skeleton by two inches, he weighs only 49 pounds in all, being less than the weight of his late brother by 6 pounds, and he is indeed literally no more than the frame work of a human being, covered with a skin. It is good to talk with this gentleman, who is a man of letters and of general intelligence, and whose general appearance, though curious and interesting, is by no means disgusting or repulsive. It is curious enough to understand that he only wasted away gradually to his present condition since the death of his brother, as if it were to continue the specimen which had occasioned such surprise and interest to the world.

There are many other very curious things in this Museum, but we have not room for the account of them this week.

Literary Notices.

Dombey & Son. Part IV. By Charles Dickens (Boz). New York: Wiley & Putnam.—This work is put in the uniform of "Books which are books," but we do not think, save in the "getting up," it is a worthy addition. Either Dickens does not write with the unction he did at first, or we have *ad nauseam*, weary of his style; but we suspect the former to be the case, and this fourth part is a drowsy work.

The Battle of Life. By Charles Dickens (Boz). New York: Wiley & Putnam.—This work deserves praise; it has a new theme, is not too long, and is one which Dickens has taken some pains upon. It is one of the Christmas stories—which he seems to have adopted as a plan. It is well worth the perusal, as it contains humour, pathos, sentiment, and, whilst it is very interesting, has also a good object.

Chaucer and Spencer. New York: Wiley & Putnam.—It is pleasing to perceive that the world is now drawing at "The well of English undefiled," for where a serious perusal of the works by the author of the "Canterbury Tales," and those of the author of "The Fairy Queen" is the public object, then we may be certain of two great things, viz: that the taste has become refined, and that there will be a check on the fugitive condition of the English Language, no more upon which last has been too long permitted, and havoc upon which is every day committed, both by editors and among the press.

Supernaturalism of New England. J. G. Whittier. New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The author shows "his writings what Scott betrayed in his 'Demonology,'" that he is, what he is partly ashamed of, and what he does not openly confess—that he is, even in spite of himself, partly a believer in much of this supernaturalism. But he has made a very clever, interesting little book of it, and the publishers have put it into their agreeable series called the "Library of American Books."

Ballads and other Poems. By Mary Howitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The amiable authoress of this collection breathes through her writing, such a sentiment of pure and elevated devotion, so pure a heart, so great love to mankind, that it is impossible to any but the worst to rise from the perusal of this book without being wiser and better than before. This would be well in every one's hands, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, male or female; and it is an honorable accession to the series called "Books which are books."

Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakespeare, Nos. 131—132.—This double number is an exceedingly interesting one, comprizing the actual life of the immortal writer, written by Rowe, many of whose related circumstances have been subsequently disproved; and an abridgement of the life as written by Payne Collier, which is one of great research, and which every admirer of Shakespeare and his works should read. This double number is copiously and well illustrated by appropriate and well executed engravings.

Rambles about the Country. Harpers.—The object of the clever authoress of this work, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, is to depict some of the peculiar and distinctive features of the Western and Southern sections of the United States. Her style is agreeable and felicitous, and well adapted to this class of writing—her pictures of scenery and groupings of character especially worthy of notice.

Howe's Lives of Eminent Mechanics. Harpers.—This is decidedly one of the most interesting works that has lately been published. It comprises memoirs of the most eminent American as well as European Mechanics, together with a collection of anecdotes and other miscellaneous matter relating to the Mechanics Art, and is illustrated with fifty engravings. We doubt not it will meet with an extensive sale, and we feel sure every mechanic will possess himself of a copy.

Twenty-six Years among the Actors. By F. C. Wemyss. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—The author is both a gentleman in feeling and a scholar in style. He is a little captious, which he was likely to be from his long intercourse with theatrical establishments. But he is independent in thought, as well as in the expression of it, and his strictures on the press, as well as many of his other observations, we like, in the main.

Parley's Magazine. New York: E. W. & S. O. Post.—This is a clever little work, teaching the young the rudiments of many useful things; and most of the late numbers are, in one respect, better than early works for the young

under the same cognomen. We remember when the young were taught prejudices and strengthened in them against England and the European Institutions a very few years ago, when old animosities were dying away. We would say to him, "treat the young useful truths—awaken in their bosoms a laudable spirit of enquiry—but do not (and especially in their youthful mind) instil prejudices and dislikes, and sustain them methodically."

The Architect No. V. By Wm. H. Ranlett. New York: Graham.—This work preserves its reputation, and is really a clever, useful treatise on building and its estimates. The plates—which are six in number—are well done, and we trust the book is well encouraged, as the subject is one in continual demand.

Blackwood for January, 1847.—A good opportunity is the present for beginning to patronize this periodical, for here is the beginning of a year. It, as usual, contains much valuable matter, but one, which is a copious consideration of the career of Sir Robert Peel, is snarling, sophistical, and an attempt of the writer to get quit of his spleen.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for February, 1847.—This magazine well sustains its credit, by its valuable contents; and we earnestly invite a general perusal of the paper in it upon Life Insurances; they cannot fail to benefit thereby.

Report of the Committee on the Literature Fund.—The Committee seem to have fallen on the right course; but their address is rather vague, and they have opened a field thereby to unnecessary discussion. We purpose soon to take this matter up, and consider it in our own way, as the subject of popular education is now prominent in all civilized parts of the world.

Democratic Review for February, 1847.—We always hail the appearance of each number of this periodical, for we are always conscious that we are about to open upon some good literary reading; and we are never disappointed. The present number is embellished with a portrait of Gen. Houston, late Governor of Texas. To point out the excellencies of the magazine before us we should have to refer to every paper—except those which belong to its party politics, upon which we never comment.

AWFUL DISCOVERY.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warren, the master of the Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within one mile of his vessel, they were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crushing noise, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; but the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to prevent itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warren found, to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening, formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warren from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green, damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, and the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—

"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in ice 17 days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warren and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was animate. Seated on the floor was a corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discover-

ed anywhere, but Capt. Warren was prevented, by the superstitious prejudice of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book mentioned, and returning to his own ship, immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting the vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and, by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her in the ice.

Westminster Review.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND THE CURATE.

A short time since, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on £70 a year, being informed of the death of his Rector, was advised to come to town, and apply to the Bishop of London, in whose gift the living was, for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his Lordship's house, in St. James's-square. By mistake, he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of Norfolk's, and inquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received an answer in the affirmative, but that he was then engaged. The old gentleman requested the servant to go up and entreat his master to be at home to him, as his business was of much consequence. The Duke, with that urbanity which distinguishes him, on being informed a respectable-looking old clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit.

"My Lord," says the old gentleman, "the rector of — is dead, and I was advised by my parishioners to come to town, and entreat the friendship and protection of your Lordship. I have served the parish many years, and hope I have acquitted myself with propriety."

"And pray, who do you take me for, Sir?" said the Duke, interrupting him.

"Who for, my Lord?—the Bishop of London."

His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a servant entering—"John, who am I?"

"The Duke of Norfolk, Sir."

"Good God!" exclaimed the curate starting from the chair, "I humbly entreat your Grace's pardon, and assure you nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake."

"Stop, stop, my good friend; you and I don't part thus; we must first take a glass together, and then see whether I can't show you the way to the Bishop of London's house."

His Grace and the curate took t'other bottle, found their way to the Bishop's, and the old gentleman left St. James's-square £340 a year richer than he entered it.

Court Journal.

Extracts From Punch.

Artistic Power.—A provincial critic, speaking of a popular actress, says that "when she ran out to meet her lover she carried the whole of the audience with her." We have heard of pieces "embracing the entire company," but the idea of an actress running off the stage and carrying with her an entire audience, gives us the image of a lady with such a pair of armsfull as it is really painful to contemplate. We make a good deal of allowance for the power of genius, but its strength does not usually consist in such *tours de force* as that which is described by our provincial critic. This beats the ordinary theatrical feat of "bringing the house down," or "eliciting thunders" by electrifying the whole audience.

We have seen occasionally such a "beggarly account of empty boxes," that the most fragile female performer might have "carried the entire audience with her," for it has consisted of a boy and a baby; but we cannot believe a lady, so attractive as our provincial critic's description indicates, could possibly have been in such a desolate position.

Voyage across the Strand.—From the difficulty experienced by passengers crossing the streets in the crowded thoroughfares, it may be interesting to hear the following particulars from the narrative of "A Voyage from the Thirty-fifth lamp post in the Strand to the Shop directly opposite." Extract from log:—"Three o'clock, P. M. Cleared from the curb-stone, with fair weather, hoping to reach the opposite side of the street before dusk; carrying main-top-coat and reefed umbrella.

"3 h. 2 m. Tacked to port to avoid an omnibus; shipped a mud, which damaged the patent boots.

"3 h. 4 m. Stood to the south, coasting along a reef of cabs; nearly run down by a butcher's cart; passed a milliner girl in distress, who had missed stays.

"3 h. 7 m. Saw an apothecary's light; tried to take an observation, but the light was lost in a fog of cabriolets.

"3 h. 10 m. Ran into by a coal cart; carried away larboard coat-skirt; stood off and on to wait for an opening in the cab-bergs.

"3 h. 15 m. Fetched the end of the coach-stand; hailed a buss under blue colors and easy sail, bound for the westward, making towards Kensington; hauled to the north-east, and steered with great difficulty among flocks of wagons.

"3 h. 20 m. Lighted a cigar, and put on all steam; hoisted the spencer.

"4 h. 30 m. Came in sight of land, and two minutes afterwards anchored in the roads by a street-post.

Learned Musical Critics.—Our musical critics are getting so learned that we don't know how to follow them. They will tell us every key in which every piece is written, which is all very clever on their parts; but they sadly perplex us by the odd names they give to things we only know under more familiar titles. They will talk to us of a delicious *scherzo*, a beautiful bit of pedalling for the horn, and a nice phrase of contrapuntism, while they will inform us that there is a luscious passage for the wood, when they mean there is something pretty for flutes, flageolets, or oboes. There are now so many nice divisions of wood, wind, brass, string, and steel, that we shall expect to hear next of a fine *morceau* of fugue for the parchment, by which, of course, will be understood the tambourines, *gros-ces caisses*, and kettle-drums. We shall hear probably of a lovely bit of scholarly writing for the steel, in allusion to a few notes given to the triangle. We have no doubt this is all very learned, and we have a great respect for learning, but we like the intelligible as well when it is convenient.

An Obliging Offer.—(A Chemist's Shop—Shopman and Old Lady.) Old Lady—Now you are sure this is Carbonate of Soda—not Arsenic?

Shopman—Quite certain, ma'am; try it.

The subjoined amusing passage is from the same pleasant gossiping epistle to the Editor heretofore, out of which we extracted the "State's Prison Substitute" anecdote in our last number: "We have a police justice here, whose duties it is to afford opportunities for the development of young jurists, to manufacture voters at the shortest notice out of the rawest possible material, and to commit for trial such unfortunates as by their own acts have fallen within the just cognizance of the law. As he is elected by the suffrages of the people, it results that while republicans remain divided in sentiment, police justices will have political enemies. A dull wag, of the opposite party, whose sayings are the staple coin of all droll wags in this part of the State, and whose acts have before this been chronicled in the pages of 'Old Knick,' was arraigned before our functionary a few days since on a charge of assault-and-battery committed upon the person of a negro; the provocation being a kick, inflicted upon Fred's dog by the complainant. The court-room was crowded with the usual hangers-on about such places; but among them were numbers of Fred's friends, upon discovering whom, the unfortunate culprit decided upon exercising the prerogative of a freeman, and abiding the decision of a jury of his peers. Accordingly, two associate judges were obtained, a jury of twelve citizens empanelled, and after the evidence for the State had been heard, Fred. was called upon to produce his witnesses. Whistling to the dog, whose maltreatment had given rise to his master's difficulties, and bidding him sit up directly in front of the Justice, he enquired of him pathetically: 'Did the nigger kick you, Carlo?' 'Wow! ow! ow!' growled the brute. 'We rest here!' said Fred.; and the jury gave him the case!" There is another good anecdote; but we "rest here."—Knickhocker.

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Jy 11-47.

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These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

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Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-47.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

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John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to Jan. 30-47. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleson,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Extra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My 31-47.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	Jan. 10, May 10, Sept. 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	Jan. 20, May 20, Sept. 20.	Mar. 10, July 10, Nov. 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	Mar. 20, July 20, Nov. 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	Feb. 10, June 10, Oct. 10.	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.	Apr. 10, Aug. 10, Dec. 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	Mar. 10, July 10, Nov. 10.	May 10, Sept. 10, Jan. 10.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	Mar. 20, July 20, Oct. 20.	May 20, Sept. 20, Jan. 20.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	Apr. 10, Aug. 10, Dec. 10.	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10.
Westminster,	Hovey,	Apr. 20, Aug. 20, Dec. 20.	June 20, Oct. 20, Feb. 20.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators! Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My 24-47.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.
Fidella, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	July 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	Sept. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 44 South-st., or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N.Y., or BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.